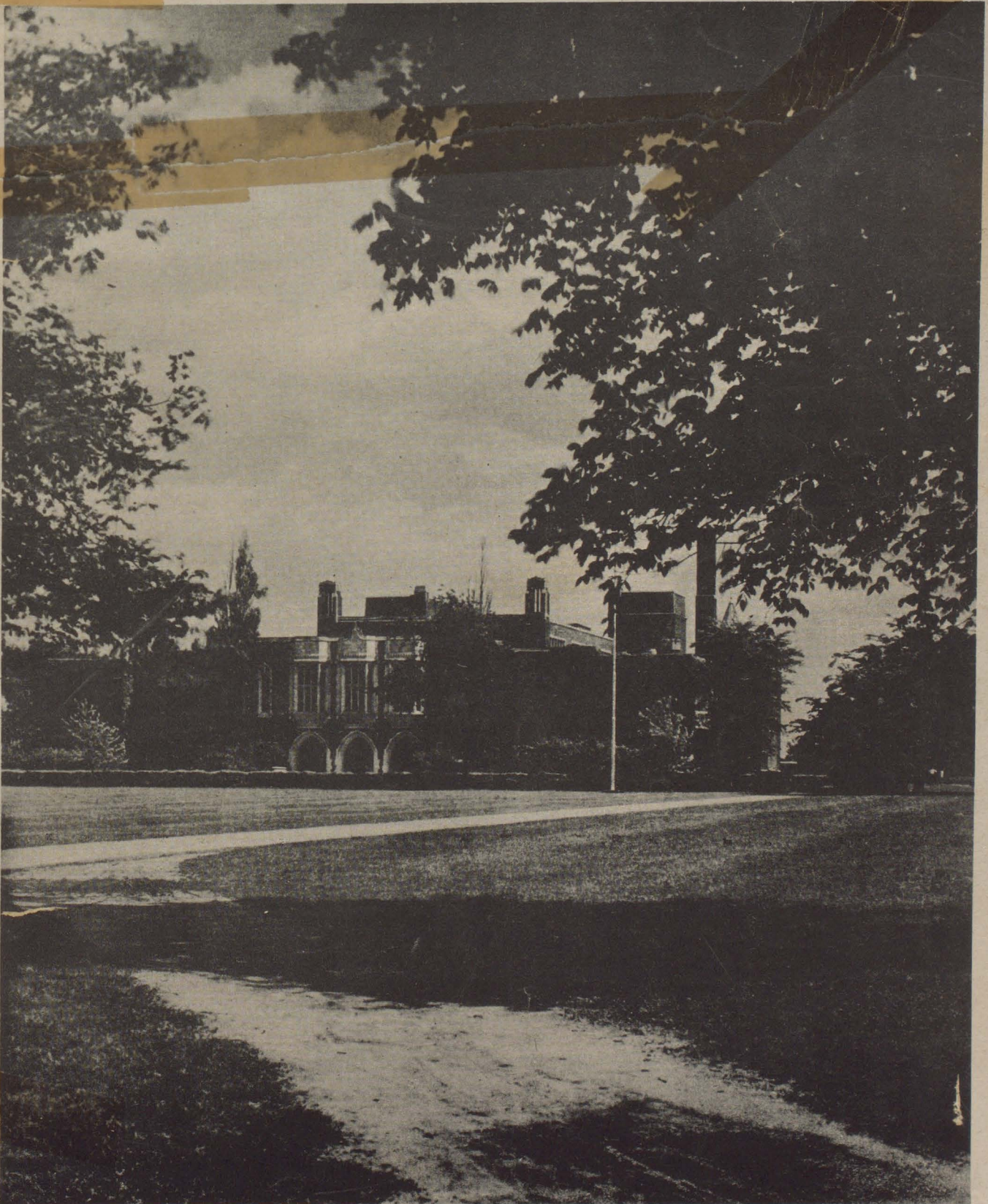


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Principal's Message



A. F. S. GILBERT

Have you seen the billboard sign that reads something like this, "Good citizenship is made up of a lot of little things"? When citizenship or character is publicized in this manner, by national advertisers, they must feel that it is most important.

Where can one find a place where so many little things enter into one's daily life as in school? The mere picking up of a book that has been dropped, the turning in of a pen that has been found, the way you give respect to your teacher and fellow students, are little things that help build character.

Every day our little acts are noticed by some one. Our friends may say, "Yes, I can depend on him," or perhaps "I had better make sure myself." At every turn our character is being analyzed.

Every boy and girl is building up daily little habits of thought and action which, over the period of years spent at school, develop with the growth of the individual. You are what you make yourself. Robespierre put it this way, "No man can climb out beyond his own character."

Growth of any kind is slow and when directed in the wrong way may be distorted easily. Try the experiment

of allowing a twig to grow around a glass spiral. At first little change is noticed, but as time goes by, the twig has assumed the shape of the spiral. Break away the glass, and try to straighten out the twig. What happens? When free, it jumps back at once to its former shape. Only by continued effort will it come near to assuming its natural shape. The growth of young people is not dissimilar. The daily school routine, the daily contact with people, the daily sameness of life that we so often feel is monotonous, our coming to school, our going home, make us wonder at times if it is all worth while; but in the process we are developing and maturing, and moulding our formative characters just as in the case of the twig. We see the effects on others, but seldom on ourselves. In later life if asked where you acquired certain characteristics, you probably pass it off by saying, "I was always like that."

The knowledge gained at school may be much or little, but the character acquired in the journey through school has become a part of us and as Henry James, the psychologist, says, "It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster and will never soften again."

A. F. S. GILBERT

EDITORIAL

VOL. XIV

— KENCOLL —

1953

Published by the Students of the
Kennedy Collegiate Institute
Windsor, Ontario
Price - 50c per Copy

BIRTH OF THE KENCOLL

"The Kencoll, our first real school magazine, fulfills a purpose." The Kencoll began with these words written by Mr. L. Wheelton, in 1938. Behind the purpose were teachers and students who pioneered their way from "The Key Hole" the first paper, to the "Kencoll" the first magazine.

The pioneers were proud of their school. To them the halls rang with student's laughter, heart-warming incidents, and echoes of happy memories. Consequently, they were anxious to share their treasures with everyone. Under the guidance of Mr. H. Riggs, the project was begun.

The trail which was followed to the goal was a difficult one. All the essentials were present, spirit, pride, and courage, but there lacked the financial support. It was over one rock after another; there is a great deal to read between the lines of that first publication, eagerness, disappointment, almost failure, finally success.

Perhaps, the pioneers couldn't believe their eyes, when they looked at the first Kencoll. However, there it was, complete in every detail, all they hoped it would be. The words and pages represented a spirit that had been born in many hearts, and one that would never die. Even the advertisements held a deep meaning: "The Checker Cab Co., one mile and a half—25c." Our magazine was the Best, 15c for 38 pages.

As you read over your Kencoll now, with a chuckle over this and a frown because of that, a spirit will be hovering over your head—the spirit of the purpose of our first school magazine. For in the pages of this book, are engraved the personalities of students who have made the school, right from the foundation up to the very towers. All the freedoms they enjoyed, and loved were combined into this year book, the best of them all, the "Kencoll".

KENCOLL STAFF

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Assistant Manager	Gail Girard
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Photographs by Jim Lewis

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Our Queen

CORONATION

At the present time the most important, talked about woman in the world is Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain.

Yet, I ask myself is the queen important only because of her position as queen of a nation. Or is she important only because she comes from a long line of royalty who have always been important? No, I think the queen is important as a great and gracious lady in her own right and that she has acquired the respect of her people by her own actions. True, she is a queen and as a queen she is much in the news. Her life has been followed since she was a baby and when it was assured that she was next in line for the throne of England she literally moved into a glass house. She first became important during the war when as a serious, strong-willed girl, she helped her father by donning an army uniform and helping in factory and first-aid work in London.

This is not meant as a biography of the queen but more than that, what the word "coronation" means to me. When the coronation takes place in June, representatives from all parts of the commonwealth will be present to hear the queen speak her vows. Many people from all over the world will travel to see the coronation. Boats, planes, and all other forms of travel are already booked for June, and many people are already putting out money to see the queen crowned. Various educational groups are sponsoring students to go. The same words will be spoken, the same vows made, as have been repeated by centuries of Britain's monarchs.

Come back to the respect won by the queen of her people. Ever since the queen spoke over the radio the first time while still a girl, her clear, steady voice has won admiration and respect from all who heard her. She has one of the clearest voices I have ever heard. Her voice is a perfect mirror of her personality and character.



During her first Christmas message, the queen stressed the fact that we are part of one large, universal family united in one common purpose. That purpose is to keep alive the ideals which have never changed in English democracy for centuries.

The queen ended her radio address with these words: "Will you all, no matter what religion or belief, pray for me on that day. Pray that I may be able to fulfil the promises I will be making." I think this is a fitting and a humble way for our queen to speak to us. I think the least we can do is to fulfil her wish.

Queen Mary, in chiding Elizabeth as a child, said to her, "You must first learn to be a lady before you can become a queen."

Queen Mary fulfilled this lesson which she had so thoroughly learned. She was a queen first, then a wife and mother. She was a woman of great personal sorrows and yet happy historical events occurred during her lifetime. She exemplified the splendid tradition that is British Royalty never forgetting her responsibility of service to her people.

Queen Mary was the last link with Queen Victoria. During Mary's early life, Queen Victoria realized the great qualities which were resting behind the quiet nature of Mary of Teck.

Her many trips abroad developed her love of art. Queen Mary's carpet is an example of Queen Mary's skill. She was considered one of the world's foremost collectors of rare antiques.

I find it easier to remember Queen Mary when I see pictures of Queen Elizabeth II. Queen Mary did much towards making Elizabeth a great Queen. As long as we remember Queen Mary, our respect for the British Royal Family will never die.

1st Prize Essay.

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In Memoriam



GEORGE EDWARD CHAPMAN

A solemn hush reigned in the gymnasium of Kennedy Collegiate on Friday the fifteenth. In the gallery an accustomed seat was vacant and a familiar face was absent.

It was on this day that the students of our school came with heartfelt sorrow to pay their last tribute to their teacher and friend, Mr. George Chapman.

Mr. Chapman, often regarded as one of Canada's foremost secondary school football and basketball coaches, had fostered the beginnings of several football stars. Under his guidance seven Western Ontario football championships were captured. His teams also won many track and basketball contests. In his twenty years at Kennedy Mr. Chapman achieved much in the production of great sportsmen and winning teams.

But he will be better remembered for his part in aiding young men and women to becoming good citizens. The basketball star, the football "great", the house league player and the little fellow who never played on a team will all remember him for his qualities as a man. He instilled into all those with whom he was acquainted a love of clean, hard, endeavour in every field. In his quiet way he taught us perseverance, tolerance, and fair play. By his teachings he enabled us to play successfully the greatest game of life.

As a coach, we might say he was quietly demanding of his players. He never threatened and very seldom shouted. His boys won games through mere skill, much of which had been obtained from their coach. He often said, "Football players must have three virtues to play the game successfully. A will to win, genuine love of the game, and playing skill."

Call it determination or skill or love of the game. But I think you will agree that each one of these virtues was installed in every player by a man who gave all those things which he regarded as worthy of his effort. Although he never played on a football team in his life, he possessed that power to lead which enabled him to organize and guide to victory several football, basketball and track teams.

We of Kennedy Collegiate, teachers and students both, have suffered a great loss. The familiar figure, pacing the sidelines, encouraging his boys, will now be missed. The placid face and quiet tones shall be absent from the classroom, but shall always be remembered in our hearts. George Chapman's span of life is passed. His spirit shall always live.

DON PIPER

1953 Graduates

NORMA JOANNE ADAMS

App.: Siberian senator
 F.S.: But I'll never tell
 P.P.: Joyce's hair on Wednesday
 Weak.: Butchers
 Amb.: Kindergarten teacher
 1963: Norma's Nursery



VICTORIA VENKA BOROTA

App.: Space cadet
 F.S.: Guess what! Guess what!
 P.P.: Touché
 Weak.: They wear trousers
 Amb.: To be an M.A.
 1963: Cheaper by the dozen

JUDITH ELIZABETH ALBRANT

App.: Wide-eyed sleeper
 F.S.: Gadzooks
 P.P.: Hunting for her lock
 Weak.: Talking in Zoology
 Amb.: To finish lunch first
 1963: Still eating



WILLIAM ALBERT BOYCOTT

App.: Shark
 F.S.: All right
 P.P.: Mr. Bell's theories
 Weak.: Farmerettes
 Amb.: Missionary
 1963: Postman

DALE LESLIE ALLEN

App.: L'il Abner
 F.S.: Whose little girl are you?
 P.P.: Kinsey
 Weak.: Making surveys
 Amb.: To master wine, women, song
 1963: Who wants to sing, anyway?



KENDALL RUSSELL BROCKBANK

App.: Too lovely for words
 F.S.: It's a natural wave
 P.P.: Pin curl
 Weak.: The naive
 Amb.: To own a lawn mower
 factory in Hawaii
 1963: Hawaii—Home of the Free

DONALD (SANDY) ALLEN

App.: Shy
 F.S.: If you can't beat 'em join 'em
 P.P.: Joining 'em
 Weak.: French
 Amb.: To be a great genius
 1963: Author of "Un, Deux, Trois"



JOSEPH ANTHONY PAUL CIMER

App.: Malicious Mergatory
 F.S.: Man! What a crazy wash-room
 P.P.: Trig
 Weak.: Short blondes
 Amb.: Dentist
 1963: Drilling holes in Life Savers

DOUGLAS GARFIELD ATKINSON

App.: Eager
 F.S.: What homework did we have?
 P.P.: 9:00 bell
 Weak.: Girls
 Amb.: President of Chrysler's
 1963: Janitor at Ford's



WILFRED H. COHEN

App.: D'rect from Paris
 F.S.: Com-m-o-o-n Safrancel
 P.P.: Waitresses at Vicker's
 Weak.: Watching Peepers in action
 Amb.: Doctor
 1963: Before the Board

BERNADINE BARBARA BEIM

App.: Startled
 F.S.: Did you?
 P.P.: History
 Weak.: Music
 Amb.: Teacher
 1963: Heifetz' rival.



RONALD PHILLIP DEAN

App.: Man Mountain
 F.S.: What a bunch of corruption
 P.P.: Undependable peroxide
 Weak.: Tall women
 Amb.: Chartered Accountant
 1963: Registered male

GARY FOY BENNETT

App.: Fauntleroy
 F.S.: Quiet in the library
 P.P.: People who don't like bow ties
 Weak.: Bow ties
 Amb.: Chemical engineer
 1963: C. I. L. salt mine



EDWARD DERUS

App.: Little John
 F.S.: Hi babeel
 P.P.: Writing essays
 Weak.: Wilf's remarks
 Amb.: CKLW's ace newscaster
 1963: Hog calling

CODE

A. Appearance, F.S. Foolish sayings, W. Weakness,
 P.P. Pet Peeve, Amb. Ambition.

1953 Graduates

FRASER DICKSON

App.: Man
 F.S.: I've been places
 P.P.: Contradiction
 Weak.: Just guess
 Amb.: Missionary
 1963: Postman



WILLIAM REEVE KEECH

App.: Undecided
 F.S.: Poochalui
 P.P.: English essays
 Weak.: Bray
 Amb.: Oil magnate
 1963: Oiled

GLORIA JOYCE DOUGHTY

App.: Pixy
 F.S.: That's cute
 P.P.: Shy ones
 Weak.: The other kind
 Amb.: Teaching
 1963: Now, children . . .



NORMAN CHARLES LESLIE

App.: Immigrant
 F.S.: Toni, please
 P.P.: Being mistaken for Rossi
 Weak.: A Uky Miss
 Amb.: To break out
 1963: Over the walls, men

JAMES GARFIELD DOUGLAS

App.: Demon
 F.S.: Gotta sell these subscriptions
 P.P.: Who knows?
 Weak.: We all know
 Amb.: Coal miner
 1963: A ton of anthracite



LEON LEVINE

App.: Professor
 F.S.: What do you want from me?
 P.P.: Boys with bow ties
 Weak.: English class
 Amb.: Chemical engineer
 1963: Mixing paint

JOHN JAMES DROGOSZ

App.: Macbeth
 F.S.: Si vous voulez
 P.P.: The little finer expressions
 Weak.: Absolutely none
 Amb.: Barber
 1963: Drogosz's Clip Joint



EDMUND JAMES ING LONG

App.: Meek, but—
 F.S.: You're only half-fast
 P.P.: 7 day weeks
 Weak.: Studying Valentino's methods
 Amb.: Playing with pawns
 1963: Jumped

MICHAEL LOUIS GRETES

App.: Lucky Luciano
 F.S.: You too, eh?
 P.P.: Mr. Fox's explanations
 Weak.: Himself
 Amb.: Aeronautical engineer
 1963: Flying kites



DENNIS PATRICK MAGUIRE

App.: Napoleon
 F.S.: Workin' hard
 P.P.: Revell's phony jokes
 Weak.: Pipes
 Amb.: R. C. A. F.
 1963: R. C. N.

RONALD CLIFFORD HOOVER

App.: Ivanhoe
 F.S.: I'll say!
 P.P.: Le Francais
 Weak.: La Francaise
 Amb.: P. E. teacher
 1963: Paris plumber



JACK MARQUIS

App.: Commissar
 F.S.: Well, I thought
 P.P.: Cohen
 Weak.: English language
 Amb.: Railroad engineer
 1963: Laying ties

JOHN KAWASAKI

App.: Cowboy who lost his horse
 F.S.: Yess!
 P.P.: Anatole France
 Weak.: Maths
 Amb.: Kiss the Blarney Stone
 1963: Pucker up, rock!



GORDON DONALD MASSEY

App.: Pretty
 F.S.: Joyce—did you get paid yet?
 P.P.: Girl cheer leaders
 Weak.: Sports
 Amb.: P E teacher
 1963: Girl Guide instructor

1953 Graduates

ANGUS MORRISON

App.: Hurricane Smith
 F.S.: Whatheh—I
 P.P.: Rogin
 Weak.: Larsen
 Amb.: Playboy
 1963: Making kitty cars



ELOY HAROLD RILETT

App.: I'm fer reall
 F.S.: Could ya say, like, . . .
 P.P.: Leroy
 Weak.: Women in white
 Amb.: Get out of the meat .business
 1963: Hamburger—25c a lb.

JIMMI VILLARD OKSANEN

App.: Howdy Doody
 F.S.: Ooohhl
 P.P.: Repeating answers
 Weak.: Wrestling with Gretes
 Amb.: To be Mr. Atlas
 1963: Oksanen's Bodybuilders



ROBERT RORISON

App.: Truck driver
 F.S.: Hmnnl
 P.P.: Uncle Fred's French
 Weak.: The night life-owls, worms—
 Amb.: To hit the headlines
 1963: Punched out

ROBERT LORENZO PARENT

App.: Rag mop
 F.S.: What page are you on Gary?
 P.P.: Exercise A
 Weak.: Lola
 Amb.: Join a seminary
 1963: Rewriting Koran



CHARLES FREDERICK SAFRANCE

App.: Cueball
 F.S.: True, Wilf
 P.P.: Disappointing women
 Weak.: Carolling
 Amb.: To build a better mouse trap
 1963: A beaten path

DONALD JOHN PIPER

App.: Gremlin
 F.S.: I dunno
 P.P.: Précis work
 Weak.: Maguire
 Amb.: Piper's Pickled Peppers
 1963: Piper's Pickled



WALTER TOKARSKY

App.: "The Thinker"
 F.S.: I can't speak any louder
 P.P.: Answering involved questions
 Weak.: Beating Fraser at chess
 Amb.: Checkmate in two moves
 1963: Stalemated

GARY WILLIAM JOHN PORTE

App.: Frustrated
 F.S.: I don't know
 P.P.: Mr. Bell's questions
 Weak.: Girls
 Amb.: Auto mechanic
 1963: Tinker Toy expert



GEORGE PATRICK TRONIANO

App.: Staggered
 F.S.: Wouldn't that frost you?
 P.P.: Repeating statements
 Weak.: Louis Oljvares
 Amb.: R. M. C.
 1963: F. O. R. D.

RONALD DOUGLAS PULL

App.: Absolutelyll
 F.S.: What a particlel
 P.P.: Being fully conscious
 Weak.: 4:15
 Amb.: R. C. A. F.
 1963: C. O. D.



JOYCE ANN WARREN

App.: John of Arc
 F.S.: To-day's Thursday, isn't it.
 P.P.: People who mumble
 Weak.: Neil
 Amb.: Teacher
 1963: That's a good questionl

GARY DOUGLAS QUICK

App.: Pepsodent advertisement
 F.S.: Yes dear
 P.P.: 12C class parties
 Weak.: A 12C belle
 Amb.: Prime minister
 1963: Reeve of Sandwich East



NORMAN WILLIAM WEBER

App.: Hollywood bachelor
 F.S.: What do you say?
 P.P.: Reading French
 Weak.: Arthur Murray
 Amb.: Chemist
 1963: Too bad, Fox

1953 Commercial Graduates

VIRGINIA ANN BARRETTE

A.—Foolish
F.S.—Umm—
W.—Dancing
P.P.—Not being given a chance
Amb.—10 kids



MARY CATHERINE INNES

A.—Tall slim and WOW
F.S.—I wasn't paying attention
W.—Gathering men
P.P.—Non athletics
Amb.—"Globe Trotter"

RUTH ANN BLACK

A.—Dark eyes
F.S.—Rally Jeaner
W.—Jack
P.P.—Girls with dyed hair
Amb.—Miss Lower Slobovia



FLORENCE LOUISE JESSOP

A.—Deceiving
F.S.—Got your homework done?
W.—Marios
P.P.—Boys
Amb.—Street cleaner

LOIS JANE BROWN

A.—Attentive
F.S.—Shh—
W.—People in general
P.P.—Girls asking for homework
Amb.—Desirable woman



GLORIA ELIABETH JESSOP

A.—Sweet and Timid
F.S.—Ehl
W.—Lunch at 9 a.m.
P.P.—Studying
Amb.—Lady wrestler

MARY JANE BYGROVE

A.—Innocent
F.S.—I don't know
W.—Mrs. Crawford
P.P.—Getting along with her
Amb.—Babysitter



BARBARA ANN KENNEDY

A.—You'd be surprised
F.S.—Believe me?
W.—Johnny
P.P.—Arguing
Amb.—Mrs. J. W.

DONNA JEAN FIELDS

A.—Oh honey
F.S.—Well-eh,
W.—Blond brushcuts
P.P.—Dead beats
Amb.—A husband 1962.



JEAN MARIE LEPAIN

A.—Rascal
F.S.: ? ? ?
W.—A certain man
P.P.—Pets
Amb.—Model

JOAN MIRIAM HOWE

A.—Rash
F.S.—O Cyrill
W.—Blond hair
P.P.—Short boys
Amb.—Law office



ISLAY MARION McLAUGHLIN

A.—Shy
F.S.—Got a jokel
W.—All men in general
P.P.—Being called Izlay
Amb.—A diploma

MARGARET THERESA HRYCANIUK

A.—Glamorous
F.S.—How should I know?
W.—Monday morning
P.P.—Masonic Dance
Amb.—Beer waitress



CHRIS ELIZABETH MACIEJEWSKI

A.—Sophisticated
F.S.—Beans
W.—London
P.P.—Room 117
Amb.—Mrs. SSK. MD.

1953 Graduates

CHARLES JOSEPH MARTINELLO

A.—Lover

F.S.—Hiya Beautiful

W.—"Oh Happy Day"

P.P.—Mrs. May

Amb.—To succeed



CYRIL JOHN SABUTSCH

A.—Nice

F.S.—Hey, Mary Janel

W.—Long brown hair

P.P.—Ties

Amb.—President of a bank

VIRGINIA CAROLINE OLTEAN

A.—Happy go lucky

F.S.—Man!

W.—Spitfires

P.P.—Squares

Amb.—Her own hockey team



GWEN RUTH SMITH

A.—Carefree

F.S.—O' Gads

W.—Math

P.P.—"Bubbles"

Amb.—Stenographer

HELEN MARGIE MARIE ORACZ

A.—Poised

F.S.—Where do we go?

W.—Jazz

P.P.—"Hey Gert."

Amb.—Little "six" players



CAROLYN FLORENCE SPENCER

A.—Studious

F.S.—Guess what!

W.—90%

P.P.—Dumb kids

Amb.—Outstanding woman of the year

RHEA GEORGINA PERRON

A.—Petite

F.S.—Wow—ee

W.—Mr. Krause

P.P.—Blushing

Amb.—Bul! fighter



DIANA TRACZ

A.—Cute

F.S.—I'm waiting for Norm

W.—Talking in the hall

P.P.—Swimming

Amb.—Raising a right inside and middle

MARY JANE RAMSAY

A.—Neat as a pin

F.S.—Who wants a party?

W.—Brush cuts

P.P.—Shorthand

Amb.—Office girl



CAROL ANN TREMBLAY

A.—Dinky

F.S.—Yes sir

W.—Long skirts

P.P.—Failing to get 100%

Amb.—That's a good question

GERALDINE MARIE RICHMOND

A.—Teacher

F.S.—Oh yehl

W.—Giggling

P.P.—Teasing by Mr. Krause

Amb.—Private secretary



WILMA DAWN WILKIE

A.—Pepsodent smile

F.S.—One of these days Alice

W.—Colgates

P.P.—Insults

Amb.—Just a housewife

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WINDSOR SCHOOLS EXCEL



POETRY

ON LEARNING TO PLAY CHESS

Thirty-two black, thirty-two red
Rectangles fill my heart with dread.
Bishop and pawn, castle and knight
Create an atmosphere of fright.

Says my instructor, "I have shown
You all the moves that need be known.
To play a game let us proceed . . .
Experience is all you need!"

Battle begins. I must move first;
But then my ranks will be dispersed.
I bite my nails, nervously sing
While my shrewd partner checks my king.

He laughs at my bewilderment;
Oh how I wish I might invent
A move that would be so unique
I'd dazzle him with my technique.

He takes my queen; two pawns remain.
My king is checked, and I'm insane.
I cannot play, and so with glee
Concede the game most willingly.

When from my first game I returned,
This gem of wisdom I had learned:
That he who plays a game of chess
Must win or lose it with finesse.
1st Prize, Sr. PAT STAGG—11A

MEN OF VALOUR

The cost of valour is very great indeed
And those who win this praise have much to say,
For they have fought and died to do this deed,
With death at hand and in so many a way.

Those who have fought and won so rare a prize,
Upon their chest the mark of valour wear.
They are the great no matter what their size,
For they the symbol of their country bear.

But those who perish in their hour of fame,
Are oft forgotten as the years go by.
Great men have tried to end this wicked shame;
The shame went on; the great ones had to die.

The question I now put to Him is fair,
"Does He give those who perish praise up there?"
2nd Prize, Sr. TONY KAUFMAN—12B

THE SCARECROW

The scarecrow stands out in the corn,
With clothes all beaten, tattered and torn,
He thinks about his daily deed
Of frightening crows; so they won't feed
Upon the grains that he doth guard
Within the bounds of his own corn yard.

His head is brown; all stuffed with hay.
The pipe he had was lost one day.
His hat is black; his jacket green;
The trousers he wears—a sight to be seen.
No shoes has he for he has no feet:
But he's made of straw so why should he weep.

He stands, with arms outstretched in space,
And gets a very good view of the race
Of crows and other foul birds that come
To see who can pick up the corn on the run.
But he likes his job; it's an occupation
Where there's no work, all contemplation.
3rd Prize Jr. BOB THOMPSON—11A

DAYDREAMING

The golden trees, the sere brown fields,
A cottage by a rippling stream;
And to my heart, this scene, it yields
A mem'ry of a bygone dream.

A dream of fishing in a brook
And hunting o'er a flame-copped hill,
And if unto this scene you look
Your heart would then stand still.

The sparkling trees, the pillow'd fields—
A skier etched against the sky,
And once again the ski-pole wields
To make its dauntless bearer fly.

And now the dream has passed me by—
My books once more now I perceive.
And very soon I give a sigh—
The bell! — It rings the time to leave.
1st Prize, Mr. ALICE DUXTER—10B

POETRY

FRESHMAN . . . KENNEDY

Where in Windsor do towers rise
To meet the blue-grey sky?
And where are students happiest?
At dear old K. C. I.

Long walks and ivy-covered walls,
And battlements and tow'rs,
And in the summer scented by
The many-coloured bowers.

Inside, 'tis quiet in the morn',
At noon-time 'tis a riot.
And after school all settles down
To peacefulness and quiet.

The sports at Kennedy are superb
In every way or manner.
Athletes march out on the field
Under our blue-gold banner.

The students and the teachers too
All share in its activities.
And after all important games
They plan some great festivities.

The students graduating here,
Are surely melancholy,
For here at dear old K. C. I.
They knew both fun and folly.

I must stop now. For even though
My pen could flow forever
I'll have no paper for my math,
And that would not do, ever!

3rd Prize, Jr.

BILL RUSSELL—9E

PRE-GAME

'Twas just before the Forster game
And to the dressing room the Clippers came,
The shoes were hung on the racks with care
In hopes that the Juniors would not visit there.
The opponents were nestled all dressed in their reds
While visions of victory danced in their heads.
And Keech in his new shoes and I like a sap
Had just settled down for a long evening's nap,
When out on the court there arose such a clatter
We sprang from the bench to see what was the matter,
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the window, it broke with a crash.
The Juniors on the new court, just below,
Were working like clocks, and boy did they go.
When what to my wandering eyes should appear
But a miniature mountain for Rosie was here,
With his little old fake so lively and quick
I knew in a moment that it would do the trick.
More rapid than eagles the Clippers they came
With Arch at the helm, they won the game.

GERALD FULFORD

NOVEMBER

The purple clover dies in the field
The wheat grain has rotted, it has none to yield;
Red-cheeked apples repose on the ground
The dead grass murmurs with a rustling sound.
The fog almost blankets the gray lagoon;
No more can be heard the song of the loon;
The bee has for long deserted the flower
No humming-bird rests in the wind-swept bower.
The brook freezes over, snow covers the rocks;
From golden to brown have turned the corn's locks;
The scene is disaster, at this time of year,
And nothing has happened—November is here.
2nd Prize, Jr.

MARY HOTTI—10B

EXAMINATIONS

The scene is tense and worries reign,
The halls are dark with gloom.
Young brows are creased as the hours wane,
And brains are taxed in the study room.
In the classrooms, silence rules supreme
As students strain and toil.
The class is alert, except for one,
Who burned the midnight oil.
For that time of strife is here again,
It makes one want to run.
But we bear our burden as best we can,
Examinations have begun.

ALISON BECKETT—12A

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A PARADOX

"Yeah! Jim's a swell guy."

The recipient of that offhand bit of eulogy was Jim Marsden, successful businessman and an extremely popular citizen. Everyone in town knew Jim. The newsboys, and boot-blacks had a deep devotion for him (and his tips). He was a favourite of the prognosticators and philosophers of the barber shop. Whenever a friend hailed Jim on the street, he was ready with a cheerful reply. The women could see through his flattery, but they didn't mind it. The parson knew him as "devout" Mr. Marsden, and frustrated friends as sympathetic Mr. Marsden. When necessity forced the church to buy a new organ, Jim put up a quarter of the cost. When old Bill Stoper's new general store burned down, Jim helped him back on his feet. He was always ready with sympathy and comforting advice for those who needed it. His success in business (he was the manager of the town's one and only bank) was naturally attributed to his fine qualities. Always generous, always solicitous, always genial, that was Jim Marsden.

Jim Marsden was not particularly handsome. His prematurely grey hair was already gently receding making his high forehead appear higher and emphasizing his naturally thin face. His eyebrows were bushy and sandy, the natural colour of his hair. His lustreless blue eyes were sunken, his nose aquiline and his pallid lips narrow, enclosing a small mouth which, when opened, revealed two rows of perfectly matched, glistening teeth, his only physical asset. Dominating all these features, it was his high, hollow cheek-bones which decided the shape of his face, and gave him that emaciated, austere appearance. He was tall, stoop-shouldered, but walked with a quick, measured, business-like pace which lent him dignity.

Jim had married rather late in life; at thirty-six to be exact. As far as the townfolk could gather (not that they were particularly concerned, but simply that they were townfolk) he had been born in a large fishing and industrial town on the coast. He had been sent to this small town, typical of those in the early nineteenth century, as assistant bank manager when he was in his early thirties. With his winning disposition he was soon accepted as a member of this clannish community, and eventually became engaged to one Emily Howell.

Like Jim, Emily was not particularly attractive, but possessed those qualities bred in a large family that make a good home-maker. She came from a family of twelve, had learned through privation to sincerely enjoy life, and was a devout and regular church-goer. The fact that she was ten years younger than Jim didn't seem to arouse the gossip-loving townspeople; on the contrary, everyone could foresee nothing but the happiest of marriages for this apparently perfectly-matched couple.

And it was a happy marriage for the first few years. But slowly Jim's devotion to Emily waned, and in its place an indifferent attitude arose, as if he were exercising extreme tolerance to stay with her. His attitude seemed to stem mostly from the fact that she had borne him no children, a fact for which he would not forgive her. His indifference gave place to moodiness, his moodiness to irascibility, and his irascibility to malice. Thus, a complete metamorphosis had taken place in the life of Mr. Jim Marsden, changing him from a gentle, loving husband to an odious being. Oddly enough, however, this change took place only at home. While on the street, in his office, anywhere but in his home, he retained his genial character. Jim Marsden had truly become a split personality.

He had a ritual which he performed at dinner every night. If the dinner was hot, Emily was trying to scald him, if it was cold she had neglected her stove. Either the meat was too lean, or too rare. He could find fault with any morsel set before him which, when first married, he would have rightfully lavished with praise.

After dinner, it was his custom to read in the only comfortable chair in the house, pulled up before the fireplace, which he ordered Emily to tend. While reading his book, he would smoke a vile-smelling pipe, not that he enjoyed it, but merely to annoy Emily. He would knock the ashes on the rug and demand that they be cleaned up immediately. If the light were dim, whether or not it was a lack of gas power, he would curse Emily for having failed to clean the lamps. Once, Emily had been foolish enough to speak to him more than her allotted share of words, for which he struck her a vicious blow for "insubordination".

Why did Emily submit to this tyrant? At first, she had sought friends to confide in, but as I have already mentioned, Mr. Marsden possessed an entirely different set of characteristics outside his home, and those in the town were prone to disbelieve Emily. In any case, Mr. Marsden had long foreseen Emily's actions and had adroitly counteracted them by telling friends that Mrs. Marsden was slowly becoming pitifully deranged. And who would dispute him? Had Emily been a rational thinker she might have overcome his defense, but she had not been endowed with an abundance of intelligence, at least, not enough to act independently. Consequently, poor Emily had to live at the mercy of the "genial" Mr. Marsden.

Another point we must not forget is Mr. Marsden's generosity. When Emily wanted money, the benevolent Mr. Marsden cross-examined her, then made her bend on her knees and beg for it. Their food was paid on credit, Mr. Marsden paying the bill at the end of the week. When she complained that she needed new clothes, Mr. Marsden sneered derisively, "Why? You never go anywhere."

CONT'D. ON PAGE 42



AD SALESMEN

Back Row—M. Gretes, Mr. T. D. Walter, L. Levine.

Second Row—G. Girard, W. Gilchrist, P. Bolton, N. Honor.

First Row—G. Godziszewski, J. Munro, S. Sedlar, K. Dawson, K. Ball, M. Samarin.



OCTETTE

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First Row—B. Parent, D. Merriman, M. Allan, P. Staggs, J. Forster, J. Warren, M. Gretes.



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R. Macgregor, S. Cohen, B. Cook, A. Yuzpe.



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EXAMINATION FEVER

There are numerous diseases in our world, some of which are curable and others incurable. A peculiar disease which is almost incurable is Examination Fever. The cause of the disease is a word called, "Examination." The minute that word enters the ears of the student, a cold sweat breaks out on the palms of his hands. A shivering sensation usually accompanies the first attack of this fever. Putting the patient to bed will not relieve or cure him, on the contrary, his condition becomes worse.

The second attack of this fever is an increased desire to read and to study subjects that were taken in school during the past term. As the days roll on, the patient becomes very nervous. He no longer cares to read the newspaper or listen to the radio. On Sunday, which should be a day of rest, he buries his head in a text book, and during the night he dreams about Shakespeare and Napoleon.

Finally, the day arrives, when all his knowledge is to be transformed into writing on numerous sheets of foolscap. Without eating any measurable amount of breakfast, he rushes to the examination room. After having seated himself, he waits tensely for that sheet of paper with the many questions. Then, when the questions lie before him, he begins to read them one by one. A cold sweat breaks out on him once more as he discovers that he did not study many of the parts on which the greater percentage of the questions are based. However, he determines to do his best.

This same routine of writing examinations is kept for five or six days. After the last examinations, he utters a sigh of relief, only to be followed by a knitting of his brow. Yes, he is beginning to worry slightly, about the next term and—oh yes, examinations! It is plainly seen that there is little or no cure for this patient or the many others who are suffering this dread disease.

BERNARD FRIEDRICKSEN

11C1

Virginia Barrette, Ruth Black, Lois Brown, Mary Bygrove, Donna Fields, Joan Howe, Margaret Hrycaniuk, Mary Innes, Florence Jessop, Gloria Jessop, Barbara Kennedy, Jean Lepain, Islay McLaughlin, Christina Maciejewski, Charles Martinello, Virginia Oltean, Helen Oracz, Rhea Perron, Mary Jane Ramsay, Josephine Reducha, Geraldine Richmond, Cyril Sabutsch, Gwen Smith, Carolyn Spencer, Diana Tracz, Carol Tremblay, Wilma Wilkie.

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ESSAYS

TREASURES

As I stood on a huge bluff overlooking the mighty Lake Huron my eyes beheld a wonderful, natural treasure. Below me, I could see her turbulent waters dashing against the white beach, and suddenly resolve into mirrored calm making gentle lapping sounds against the sandy shoreline. Only the churning white caps of the waves broke this vast expanse of blue.

Reluctant to lose the magic of the capricious water, I turned to see another breath-taking wonder. High above me, to one side I saw a tremendous bluff covered with a mantle of beautiful silver birch. As the gentle winds playfully caressed the white branches, they turned upward to display their marvellous beauty of sparkling silver.

On the other side, a treacherous rocky gorge acted as a guardian to a tiny, gurgling stream which bubbled forth joyously to mingle its crystal-clear water with that of the cold Huron.

Surrounded by the satisfying scent of cedar, I turned once more towards the lake for one, last look. At this precise moment I witnessed the most glorious sunset I have ever seen. The magnificent ball of vermilion light shared its radiance with the fleecy, white clouds passing by, causing them to possess a golden brilliance. As the sun sank below the watery horizon the world grew dark and soon a hazy mist prevailed.

Thus, the day ended as suddenly as it had come. As the velvety gloves of night enveloped the earth, I was content.

Slowly, as I made my way back to the wooded path, I grasped the meaning of "unmarred beauty" which poets often describe. If only everyone had shared my ecstasy, true understanding would be theirs to keep.

In my heart I knew that I was the richest being in the world. My memories were my wealth. As the brilliant stars twinkled merrily in the dark heaven above me, I realized that the beautiful treasures I had won, would live in me forever.

1st Prize

MARY RAPAWY—11A

THE POWER OF SPEECH

The one who speaks is the one who leads. A person's speech is always on display, for it is the key that unlocks the treasures of his personality. Contracts are signed, proposals are accepted, friends are won, success is grasped, simply because someone has been able to express himself well.

It has been debated whether this art is inherited or whether it can be acquired. The best example is Winston Churchill who was born with a palate defect that caused him to lisp and stutter. This famous man, whose speeches have turned the course of history, overcame his tremendous handicap to the degree that he became a supreme master of speech through sheer determination, not because of a natural talent, but because of the lack of talent.

If one can talk to another person across the table or in the living room, one can speak in public. But no one has to speak in public. He can escape merely by saying "No". Thus, he avoids stage-fright and fancied hu-

miliation. But he avoids, too, the gift of poise and ease in the presence of others, responsibility, business and social success. He avoids the very things he would give his life to possess.

As long as he feels he cannot speak before a group, he will certainly fail. He must tell himself he can speak up, cultivating a natural desire to talk. He will find his enthusiasm rising as he investigates the subject and begins to learn fascinating things about it. There are no dull topics. There are only dull speakers.

Preconceived ideas and terrors of public speaking must be discarded. The importance of better speech cannot be over-emphasized. Daniel Webster said, "If all my possessions and powers were taken from me, with one exception, I would choose the power of speech, for by it, I would recover all the rest."

EARL ROSENBAUM—12A

WAITING IN LINE

Waiting in line! How many times in life must one do just that? You wait in line to buy a ticket, you wait in line for a bus and you wait in line to pay for your groceries. Standing is said to be more than twice as tiring as walking because in walking you use one leg one-half the time, but in standing you use both legs all the time, and you also endure a degree of nervous anticipation which experts say will tire you faster than actual physical exertion.

The expressions of the people waiting with me as I stood in a very long column varied from complete boredom to utter terror. They were all about the same age, but some gave the impression that this was all a joke while others proudly showed that they had done this before.

The retinue slowly began to move toward its destination that seemed to be a few feet beyond a doorway that stood ahead of me. One by one, people slowly filed past me moving away from that dreaded doorway, obviously having completed their mission with whoever or whatever was at the head of the line. I heard one mutter, "Three hours this time"

Inch by inch the queue moved forward until I was second in line. A panic suddenly struck me, and for once in my life I was without words. What would I say? What would I do? My hands were cold and clammy, my stomach besieged by butterflies and my brain barred from the frantic summoning of my mind. The protecting soul in front of me vanished, and after two feeble attempts, I finally blurted out, "I guess I didn't get up in time, Mr. Ryan."

MARY OSBORNE—12A

A Poem (?)

A boy
A book
A girl
A look;
Book neglected,
Flunk expected.

SOCIAL



R.A.F.

October

Dear Diary,

These stardust nights are wonderful. The football game, the crowd and the music all serve to make the evening complete. Mr. LaFramboise certainly deserves a lot of credit along with the teachers and students who work hard to make the evening a success. Well there is another one next week.

So good-night

December

Dear Diary,

To-night as I looked around at the decorations in the gym I did not mind all the hard work that day and the night before. The sleighbell is really the best dance of the year. The cold gym is transformed into a charming ballroom by the addition of red, green and white streamers, presents, Christmas tree lights and of course the Christmas tree. The stage was decorated as a giant shop-window with the orchestra behind the window panes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox led the Grand March to and fro among the couples until finally it ended in a bridge of arms. During the march, I realized that there was a huge crowd strung out behind us. The brightly coloured dresses made one think of a giant Hawaiian lei.

I heard a rumour that the dance was a success socially and financially. I'm sure about the social success, but the financial part will have to wait for the next meeting of the social committee.

I must hang the two adorable bells up on my mirror, my souvenir of the Sleighbell.

So good-night.

December

Dear Diary,

As I watched the seniors file up onto the stage in order to receive their diplomas, I suddenly realized that all the work and disappointment of school is worthwhile. The graduates looked positively scholastic in their black gowns and mortarboards. Naturally the gym was decorated to suit the mood, and K. C. I. in giant sized scrolls was written across the gym doors. The basketball rings bore impressive looking mortarboards and college pennants were tacked to the back boards. It will be a while before I graduate; so I am going to get some sleep.

Good-night

February

Dear Diary,

We had a tea dance after school this afternoon. It was called the Sweetheart Swing. I do not know why the boys are so shy. You almost need a whip to get them out on the floor. However the ice was broken after, and it became a pleasant dance. We should have more of these dances.

Oh, well, to-morrow is another day.

So good-night.

March

Dear Diary,

The K-hop is over for another year. There is a rumour that there may be another dance before the end of the year; we will have to wait and see. The girls are more aggressive than boys because there were a lot more at the K-hop than the Sleighbell.

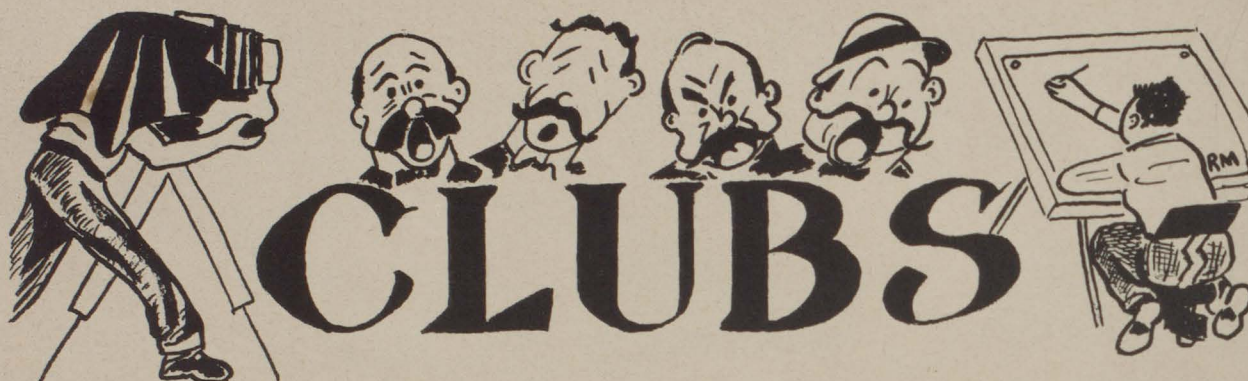
The dance this year had something they had never had before; the stage was in the centre of the floor. Naturally the predominant colours were blue and gold. The social committee had not planned to have everything in a Chinese atmosphere but that is what happened. There was a pagoda roof of streamers over the stage, a sunburst on each backboard made up of the different school's colours and another pagoda roof over the coke stand. No dance would be complete at Kennedy without the numerous streamers and the mirrored ball.

The people and the music make the dance and there certainly were a great deal of merry people including myself to-night. To-morrow we have to take the decorations down.

So good-night.

12C

Joyce T., Marg. W., Ron D., Bob F., Ann E., Sandy K., Jan. B., Jeanette M., Marilyn W., Don N., "Garfy" H., "Snookie" C., Kathy D., Maureen L., "Ducky" D., Elsie, "Corky" G., Bernice D., "Shapiro" P., "Apples", M. Adamus, "Ed" A., Wendy, Norman D., Shirley H., Marina P., Dolores G., Kathy B., "L.D.S.", Leroy L., Arvo P., Shirley W., "Bronco" G.



THE SCHOOL SPIRIT CLUB

The School Spirit Club's aim is to prepare school talent and present it to assemblies of the school. The club is open to all and is divided into four groups of which Pat McKenzie, Kay Dawson, Alison Beckett and Elinor Svirplys are the leaders. The overall chairman was Dale Allen, but, on his resignation, Mary Osborne was placed in charge. The School Spirit Club arranges the assemblies on special occasions, and when classes or other clubs are not in charge. The club has presented many programmes using both outside speakers and school talent. We are open to suggestions, new talent, and especially new members.

MARY OSBORNE, President

WE'LL MAKE THE NOISE

Every Friday night, in rain or snow, the cheerleaders can be seen at football and basketball games leading the K. C. I. cheering section and urging the teams to fight on for a victory.

Mike Pritchard, Madelyn Muroff, Margaret Spencer, and Jack Ruttle along with Marilyn Miller and Paul Pennington from last year's regular squad composed this year's regular group. The girls who did a good job "subbing" were Gail Beausoleil, Barbara Massey and Alice Duxter.

This group worked hard thinking of new cheers and trying to promote school spirit at assemblies and games.

Thanks are due to Mr. Bishop for his guidance throughout the year.

MARILYN MILLER

MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC

Every year the Glee Clubs have a share in the school's activities, and this year is no exception. At Christmas we presented several carols to the enjoyment of all.

Then, under the capable leadership of Miss McNeill we began the tedious work of preparing for the Windsor Secondary School's Festival. By Festival time, however, we were well prepared, and presented "Of Thee I Sing", "Great Day", and the Negro spiritual "Sweet Little Jesus Boy".

The boys deserve special praise for the excellent job they made of "We'll Rant and We'll Roar".

Our practices are held on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and after Easter examinations had several class practices.

Our special thanks go to Miss McNeill, who directed us, and to the many people who offered praise.

SHEILA COLLINS

OCTETTE

The Kennedy Collegiate Octette is unique as it is one of the few octettes in existence composed of ten singers. We were sorry to lose Margaret Lally, one of our sopranos who moved away from Windsor in November. Under the capable direction of Mr. Ward, we filled various singing engagements including the Christmas assembly, commencement, a radio programme at station CKLW, and a recent banquet. Just now we are practising for a concert in Toronto during the Easter Vacation.

PAT STAGG

ALTIRA PETO

Posters, posters everywhere! Without them how would the students of Kennedy Collegiate keep track of all the social and athletic events of our school? The members of the Altira Peto have worked hard and given a great deal of their time and talents to the designing of posters.

In addition they have successfully undertaken such projects as the signs for the library and the mural for the United Nations Day assembly.

The weekly meetings are held in Mr. Ryan's room under the leadership of Judy Rider, and are attended by those who like to draw and are willing to work. For these students there is the satisfaction of looking back on a year of combined pleasure and service. For the rest of us, the posters will perhaps stand out in our memories as symbols of a happy school year.

—JUDY ALBRANT

THE CHESS CLUB

The pastime of Kennedy students and kings has been revived by Mr. Graydon Bell, genial chess master of K. C.I. Under the inspiring leadership of president Wilfred Cohen, vice president Edmund Long and treasurer Joseph Cimer, the club was successful in attracting forty members, a few of whom have degenerated into checker players. Starting with only four tired sets, veterans from the Laframboise Era, and a \$25 grant from the Forum it is being steadily reinforced by grade nine novices. Despite two setbacks by Walkerville our newly-organized club looks forward to more successful days.

WILFRED COHEN

Please Patronise our Advertisers



THROUGH THE "'52-'53" KEYHOLE

Just a page in History:—

Every graduating class that comes through our school becomes just a page in History. The events and incidents are unimportant as time passes, but to those who have actually experienced them, these thoughts will become cherished and appreciated. Most reports would consist of class parties, etc., but we feel that the news lies within the individuals who make up OUR CLASS of '52-'53.

Is it true that Marnie French wants Ron Hoover to wear blue-jeans to the K-Hop?

Here's an equation from George Troniano: $Patt = 30\%$ average or work — $Patt = 85\%$ average.

Does Gary Bennett get his bow ties wholesale?

It has been known that petite Judy Albrant and her Prefect can go 20 m.p.h.—providing she wears her running shoes.

The Forum is pondering over charging Ken Brockbank room rent for 113 (Detention Room).

Talent scouts for a certain ballet company have been slightly disillusioned over the performance given by Ed Derus—our bouncing baby boy.

On these cold icy nights Joyce Doughty trips off to the arena, but that certain someone isn't carrying her skates.

Don't let Mike Gretes tell you that squint in his eyes is caused by a telescope—winking at girls eh!

A reporter noticed Wilf Cohen down at Bowman Anthony's securing a P. A. system to help him transmit his answer to Mr. Bell.

Norma, we told you the class news wouldn't be in Friday, but Monday—Monday morning!

And then certain nurses go on nights—Eloy Rilett has been free for three weeks now.

Quote Leonard Shreve. "I'm gonna eat; I'm gonna sleep; I'm gonna eat - Z-Z-Z-Z!"

What does Shirley Heard think about Gary Quick's intentions at Normal?

Why don't John Drogosz and Norman Weber get together? One takes lessons from Arthur Murray, and the other wants to.

Tout fini, tout fini said Monsieur Knapp to Ron Pullé. Ratio and proportion: Sandy Allen; 5'10" 3 cm.—210 H.P. Chrysler . . . Barry Bray 6'3" 7 cms— $\frac{1}{4}$ Horse—Austin.

Mary Larsen is to report to G. H. Wilkinson's for the latest type bob-skates.

When Joyce Warren goes to the game, is Kennedy spelled W-A-L-K—?

Does the higher altitude make sleeping easier in Physics for Ed Long?

Angus Morisson to the ref. in disgust

Asked if the penalties were really a must.

Are Gordon Massey's blisters confined to his feet after the games?

Of all the Chevrolets in town, Joe Cimer's is the only one that carries 17 girls in it.

Chuck Safrance: Fuzzy Wuzzy was bear, who incidentally had no hair.

Fraser Dickson is the only boy in school that can walk under the desks without bending his back.

Believe it or not, Bill Keech rides with B. B. in that over-sized sardine can.

It seems that Doug Atkinson's first period spare starts at 9:20.

Typical invitation from David Eng: "We're having a party; the boys bring the pop, and the girls bring the sandwiches."

Says Dale Allen: "But honestly baby, I love only you—what's your name again?"

Bob Parent, who ever heard of sending a Kencoll to Puce High in exchange for the ODOUR.

Jack Marquis + Cole's notes = Algebra homework done easy.

Mumbles from Jim Oksanen last period Friday, "I don't care what he says, I'm going at 3:45.

Do Bill Boycott's intended stays in the Library have anything to do with us?

Anyone wishing information regarding the knitting of the prettiest diamond socks in town, see John Kawasaki's best gal.

Leon Levine: 132 pounds, monster bouncer for the Library.

Dennis McGuire: Mumble, mumble, grumble, grumble. Paul Knapper: "I'm in Gr. 13, honest, honest, now give me the show tickets."

Beating D. Allen in ping pong has given Bob Rorison a full 25" chest line. Hold your breath much, Bob?

Said Vicky Borota: "Oh golly, I missed by bus. I wonder if ? ? ? will drive me home. (1:40 A.M.!!!)

Bernadine Beim: Grade 13 Sleepy Time Gal.

Is it true that Gary Portt has to have body guards to protect him from the Lower School Girls?

Verna Dick has been walking around the school with that hungry look—bisecting slimy lizards again eh?

K. C. I. is missing a good tuba player, so Elinor Svirplys is said to be coming out of retirement—ump, pah, ump, pah.

Does the blonde that Lawrence Kelly drives home every night have to pay 12c or does she have a bus card?

Poor Walt Tokarsky, from Miss Grey to Mr. Bell.

Said Mr. Knapp: "Is Mrs. Dean's little boy away again? All things come to an end but our memories will go on to

—All those who made the news.

CLASS NEWS Continued

CLASS NEWS OF 12A

"Say now—there's no need for all this talking—" A familiar phrase to our notoriously "quiet" (???) class of 12A. For some unknown reason, we have the reputation of being the noisiest class at K. C. I. We started off the school year with a weiner roast at Mary Osborne's cottage at Point Pelee with a mixture of Westminster Bible Class members. Mr. Bell was our chaperon. Some daring souls went in swimming—Brrr! On January 17, we had another get-together in the form of a bowling party and everyone could agree that our star bowler, Alison, deserves a prize for her outstanding game of 47. The fun continued in Madie's recreation room where we enjoyed refreshments and games.

The class decided to pay weekly class dues, but Huskie will probably still be collecting money from some members of the class when they graduate from college! However, we did buy Bob Walker a gift when he left for St. Thomas and we also presented Mr. Knapp with a err-r "Gift" to speed his convalescence.

In school activities, 12A was well presented. Rosenbaum and Fulford took care of football and basketball, while Lydia, Jean, and Pat tried their best on the girls' basketball team. The fish of our class were Alison, Marnie, Marg, Mary and Pat who went about with straight hair for the sake of Bronze Classes and the swimming team. Irene, Pat Blair and Vera went to WOSSA to play badminton, while the cheers to support all these teams were stirred up by our live-wire cheerleaders, Marg., Madie and Marilyn.

Yes, it's been a swell year, and we'll never forget Daciuk—with his amazing questions, and Marnie-chalking her white bucks, and listening to the world series in Geometry. And all the other small events that make up a typical day in 12A.

PAT MCKENZIE, President

12-B

First, an unsolicited testimonial from Miss Pauline Bondy: "... a fine group of normal, happy 'imbeciles' — I'm looking forward to seeing most of them in the same class next year." What a class! 12-B students have proved themselves in nearly every field at K. C. I. Ron Maniaccio, of course, was all-city on our football squad; the Cliffords are on the rifle team, "Bugs" Spencer and Mert Brown are on our sensational 1953 hockey team; and "Bugs" Spencer and Tony Kaufman were on that terrific soccer team that beat Kingsville. Marilyn Bowyer proved to be a budding Arturo Rubenstein in the assembly. We have already enjoyed three class parties. The first was held at St. Clair Beach after which the gang was entertained at Alberta Adam's cottage. Miriam ("Bangs") Peterson was hostess after our first bowling party, which proved such a success that we held another, after which we tore up Loretta Weingarden's house. Mr. Bishop proved such a 'pro' that we doubt whether he'll ever be invited to another class bowling party. Rumours have it that Ron (the smiling Irishman) Maniaccio is going to visit his clan in Dublin this summer. Other reports inform us that Jack

Cretney has at last created something from peanuts. He was trying for plastics, you'll remember, but it turned out peanut butter. On scanning the history of this year's 12-B, no black marks will be found and, I believe, we have fulfilled completely the expectations of any grade twelve class. Moreover, we are a group of normal, crazy, teenagers and, it's fun.

ROD MAGREGOR

CLASS NEWS—12C

The people in 12C are quite a gang,
They start off each morning with a bang.
Bill Gregg our president stands before the class
While Don and Jim wink at each pretty lass.
As the bell rings Marna and Shirley we no more see,
While Dolores and Anne buzz around like bees.
Don Appleyard has many a bright tie
While Mike Adamus likes to stare at the sky.
Elsie with her pin curls, Margaret on her skates
And Norm and Marina are on the long list of lates
Wendy has always a new hair style
While Marilyn's long legs fit in the aisle.
Sandy's jaws move up and down
As Gail tells us the Spitfires are in town.
Maureen and Kathleen think English a bore
But Ron and Gary think Latin's a roar.
Bernice and Janet have their troubles with boys
But Joyce and Kathy would rather have toys.
Arvo and Shirley, Leroy and Elaine they're the ones that
possess the brains

And over this juvenile class Mr. Walter holds the reins.

MARGARET WALKER
ELSIE FAUL

CLASS OF 12D

Our class of 12D is a mighty one
So brawny, so brainy, so full of fun.
Ihor Zeleney our electrical student,
Sylvia Lacyk so dashing, so prudent,
John Lorenzen with his curly Toni,
Barry Bray very tall but oh so bony,
Georginia Glajch so wise and petite,
Bernard Dunlevy, my what big feet!
Lawrence Kelly, the head of our class,
George Hinch, still trying to pass,
Robert Krause, so small and fast,
Zoltan Kovacs, he's always last,
Sylvia Cockburn with flaming red hair,
Bernard Friedrichsen with a head like a bear,
Jack Foote with his shiny red nose,
Betty Pond with her make-up and pose,
John Gilchrist runs a bakery shop,
Bob Thornton delivers Munroe's pop,
Then there is I, a lazy, shy boy
Only happy when I have a toy.

JOHN KERR

CLASS NEWS Continued

11-A

This year's 11-A class is a most lively one. Early last fall Mike Pritchard was elected President with John Parthington as our Vice-President. Not wasting any time, a class party was held at Mike's cottage on Crystal Beach. Some time later another party was held at the home of Pat Safrance, and soon after this, a party was given in honour of Ray Ash who subsequently moved to Winnipeg. The party was held at the home of Ray's good friend, Clarence Sivers. The class turned out in full force to honour Ray by presenting him with a going away gift.

The accomplishments of 11-A do not end here for this versatile class has had representatives in football, swimming, the octette, the rifle team, the orchestra as well as the library staff, and before the year will have run its course, 11-A will probably have had its taste of other activities.

LAUREN ZEILIG

HAPPY DAYS IN 11B

As I gazed into my crystal ball,
I saw, literally speaking, nothing at all.
'Twas then I decided the moment had come
To write you a poem, and have me some fun.

When I looked around our well-filled class,
Wondering who should fail and who should pass,
I saw Ginny stand up, so hefty, so hardy,
Saying how many are going to our party?
Sharon got up to give us a lecture,
Don raised his hands to try to protect her,
Mr. Mahon looked up with a comical air,
Never in his life had he seen such a pair.
We have a gal named Betty, a jitter-bug,
And a queer little guy who's name is Doug.
Chubby cheeks Jean and thin little Yuffy
David Maven who thinks he's a tuffy.
With Sally and Jack, Peter and Ben,
Marion, Mary, Eddie and Gen,
A second David another Jean
Put them together to form a swell team.

When these days of school are past,
We'll imbed a memory that will always last,
A memory of Kennedy—the school of our youth,
A symbol of liberty, honesty, truth.

BENTLEY HARRISON

11E ACTIVITIES

Although we are a very small class, we managed to have a successful year. Early in the fall we had a weiner roast at Joanne Clarkson's home in Roseland. We had other parties among our own class as well as one with 11A. Even though the majority of our class is boys, we still have a lot of fun. In football, Moe Edwards was our sensation. Tom Gawley and Garnet Soucie were on the school hockey team. These boys still stuck to it even though they did get some terrible knocks. Ron Brown is on the senior basketball team, while Tom, Paul and Julius are our soccer players. Also we had a girls' house-league volley ball team that made a very good showing even though they did not get into the finals. We had a very happy school year and hope to have many more.

JEAN McNAUGHTON—11E

11C

We are the nomads of our school,
The outcasts of the pack,
We all have scorned the golden rule,
In classes farther back.

We haven't got a line or file
When through the hall we fly,
We stick our feet out in the aisle
And trip those that go by.

The teachers never raise a fuss,
Whenever we go slow,
They know the clock means naught to us
We're hopeless, as you know.

But even though our books we shirk,
We're just as smart as "A",
Because we'd rather play than work,
They'd rather work than play.

But don't be sorry, for you see,
Some day we'll all be rich,
You'll find it takes a clever man
To dig a good, straight ditch.

DOLORES CHAPMAN

CLASS OF 11D

The 11D class of '52 and '53 had a very successful year. We began with the election of our class officials which gave Harold Pinkerton the presidency. Our girls showed outstanding ability in sports by winning the Grade 11 volley-ball championship. The boys, however, were unable to gain any laurels.

Our social activities were as great as our athletic ones. A large turnout showed up for our first outing at Roger Penney's cottage, where the students enjoyed themselves.

The second party was held at Ron Coutt's, but through a misunderstanding few turned out.

We are hoping that the ending of our school year will be just as successful as the first was.

MARY ANN DUCHARME
DON HUMPHRIES

CLASS NEWS—10B

This year, although we were not an outstanding class in scholastic ability, we surely had "loads of fun". We had such mermaids as May Hotti, Bev. Cook, Sylvia Wolfe, Pat Thompson, Virginia Mackie and Bev. Vickers on the Girls' Swimming Team. Pete Hubbell, Jerry Gendler and John Alexander were our representatives on the Boys' Swimming team. John Buda and Ross Clarke did their best with the "pigskin", while "looping the hoops" for the Juniors were John Alexander, Al Rutherford and John Suzenivich. John Buda did his best on the Boys' Volley-ball Team. Last but not least were our "successful?" class parties.

On the whole 10B had an interesting and eventful year.

BEVERLEY VICKERS



CLASS 13A

Third Row—D. Maguire, D. Piper, J. Drogosz, R. Deans, D. Allen, G. Bennett, L. Levine, B. Parent, B. Keech.
 Second Row—R. Hoover, J. Oksanen, J. Marquis, J. Kawasaki, M. Gretes, N. Weber, F. Dickson, W. Tokarsky, G. Douglas, E. Derus, R. Pull, A. Morrison.
 First Row—K. Brockbank, G. Troniano, C. Safrance, E. Long, Mrs. A. J. Walter, D. Allen, N. Leslie, E. Rilett, D. Eng.

CLASS 13B

Third Row—W. Cohen, W. Boycott, L. Shreve, R. Ford, G. Massey, G. Portt.
 Second Row—D. Atkinson, J. Gilchrist, J. Cimer, D. Deneau, G. Quick.
 First Row—V. Martin, N. Adams, V. Dick, J. Warren, Mr. H. Ward, J. Albrant, V. Borota, J. Doughty, B. Beim.



CLASS 12A

Third Row—G. Fulford, J. McCready, J. McCrea, B. Tepperman, C. McCaffery, R. Dring, J. Hunter, E. Chorniack, A. Lachowicz, P. Knapper.
 Second Row—M. French, H. Glaser, W. Ollis, E. Poulsen, E. Rosenbaum, B. Bishop, V. Lysey, C. Dyjak, S. Sedlar, A. Forsander, I. Lyzen, P. Blair, M. Spencer, J. Long, E. Svirplys, R. Daciuk, M. Miller.
 First Row—M. Samarin, D. Edwards, M. Allan, L. Krukowski, Mr. Knapp, P. McKenzie, M. Osborne, A. Beckett, P. McLean, M. Muroff.

CLASS 12B

Third Row—M. Macgregor, G. Tootill, F. Coutts, J. Cretney, J. Clifford, D. Rossi, D. Stecher, M. Brown.
 Second Row—R. Maniaco, R. Spencer, J. Clifford, S. Brown, A. Pearce, J. Zimmerman, G. Mariotti, K. MacDonald, L. Weingarden, R. Kaye, H. Turner, T. Kaufman.
 First Row—C. Anderson, G. Ainslie, M. Boyer, B. Shuttleworth, M. Peterson, Mr. Bishop, M. Leschied, J. Hewlett, C. Martin, M. Barnum.



CLASS 12C

Third Row—J. Pitman, B. Farrow, A. Pouti, D. Demchuk, E. Allen, D. Appleyard, B. Gregg, M. Adamus, L. Luvisotto, D. Noble.

Second Row—N. Douglas, D. Godziszewski, W. Gilchrist, A. Ellis, E. Faul, M. Poulos, B. Dick, M. Larmour, M. Walker, J. Thornton, R. Dearing.

First Row—J. Bunt, E. Cole, G. Girard, K. Ball, Mr. Walter, J. Munro, K. Dawson, S. Heard, M. Wilson.



CLASS 12D

Third Row—G. Vollans, Z. Kovacs, E. Fletcher, B. Krause, J. Foote, B. Ford, D. West, B. Thornton, J. Lorenzen.

Second Row—K. Friis, K. Smith, J. McKay, L. Kelly, B. Hyslop, B. Friedrichsen, B. Siefker, J. Gilchrist, P. Lowery, I. Zeleney, B. Voegeli, J. Kerr, R. Rowe, D. Mensch, E. Brecka, G. Hinch.

First Row—H. Silka, S. Lacyk, P. Virvalo, S. Cockburn, M. Bolichowski, Mr. Fox, P. Bolton, G. Galjch, B. Pond, L. Arnold.

CLASS 11A

Back Row—S. Young, G. Levine, G. Tuck, J. Alton, D. McKerrrow, J. Burke, L. Zeilig, J. Ruttle, D. Madill, R. Nykor.

Second Row—T. Parkinson, H. Walter, L. Zeleney, G. Freed, H. Cohen, J. McWilliam, B. Massey, J. Matthews, B. Tuzin, M. Turcon, D. Merriman, B. Thompson, J. Partington, M. Pritchard.

First Row—S. Brunt, D. Czaplá, A. Deneiko, P. Stagg, D. Doan, Miss D. Hope, M. Rapawy, M. Switzer, P. Safrance, M. Weber, J. Mitchell.



CLASS 11B

Third Row—D. Maven, D. Phillips, L. Whipple, P. Adlington, C. Cohen, D. Thornton, E. Gazo.

Second Row—J. Swallow, B. Harrison, R. Malkin, J. Maddocks, K. Wilcox, B. Laughland, B. Yuffy, S. Lyons, B. Bryce, R. Maksimowich, D. Cole.

First Row—J. Sudermann, M. Nelson, B. Maryanovich, A. Merriam, M. Glynn, Mr. Mahon, S. Cohen, M. Ciuprinskas, M. Ing, G. Bzdziuch.



CLASS 11C

Third Row—G. Platten, K. Young, J. Munro, L. Russette, J. Forster, L. Musy, S. Bell, M. Paulos, G. Tobin, J. Slack.

Second Row—R. Best, R. Bielich, D. Chapman, S. Jones, M. Ondricko, J. McLister, E. Zemla.

First Row—F. Martin, J. Kiss, O. Maksimowich, D. Snider, B. Sawchuk, R. Maksimowich, G. Corchis.

Absent—R. Fathers.

CLASS 11D

Third Row—G. Enns, B. Lowry, D. George, L. Stephenson, R. Penny, T. Davison, D. Duchene, J. Ajersch, H. Pinkerton, D. Buratto.

Second Row—J. Rezler, D. Humphries, M. Lyzen, N. Parr, C. Platt, B. Bruce, B. Flavell, S. Kratz, H. Pyclik, N. Kaake, N. Eagen, R. Coutts, J. Wheeler, R. Abbott.

First Row—I. Kowalzik, S. Kerr, J. Twigg, C. Trimble, W. M. Wass, B. Shuttleworth, A. Benca, M. Sochaski, L. Truscott, M. Ducharme.

Absent—J. Rider, D. Deneau, W. Rawlings.



CLASS 11E

Third Row—G. Claus, G. Onci, G. Soucie, H. Silver, C. Sivers, T. Wilson, K. Simpson, K. Winfield, E. Gagnon.

Second Row—L. Bink, M. Edwards, R. Brown, D. Campbell, P. Pennington, T. Gawley, M. Westlake, J. Szorik.

First Row—J. Long, S. Baum, N. Honor, B. Mirsky, Mr. R. R. Deagle, L. Carle, J. McNaughton, M. Kerr, O. Cates.

CLASS 11C1

First Row—C. Spencer, G. Smith, G. Jessop, G. Richmond, C. Maciejewski, A. C. Liddell, F. Jessop, M. Bygrove, D. Fields, M. Innes.

Second Row—D. Tracz, I. McLaughlin, J. Lepain, H. Oracz, C. Martinello, W. Wilkie, L. Brown, M. Hrycaniuk, J. Howe.

Third Row—R. Perron, C. Tremblay, V. Barrette, B. Kennedy, R. Black.

Absent—C. Sabutsch, M. Ramsay, V. Oltean.



CLASS 10A

Third Row—E. Ciesluk, G. Margita, B. Barrott, A. Slutzky, J. Desjardins, J. Jensen, H. Lasser, F. Owchar, R. Woodall, E. Marshall, D. Hutchinson, J. Daichendt.
 Second Row—A. Genser, E. Mackie, M. Marshall, J. Clarkson, S. Musson, V. Armstrong, D. Kristinovich, H. Mann, B. Bradley, M. Zimmerman, S. Pearse, S. Girard, D. Wilson.
 First Row—S. Chivers, S. Collins, S. Ross, B. Armstrong, Mr. G. Letourneau, M. Tay, B. Buchanan, J. Summerland, E. Butosi, G. Beausoleil.



CLASS 10B

Third Row—S. Cieslowski, J. Murdock, B. Whitesell, D. Lane, G. Shelley, B. Katzman, P. Dunseath, J. Gendler, I. Hughes, D. Wearne.
 Second Row—E. Birce, J. Buda, J. Suznevich, A. Rutherford, P. Goddard, P. Burke, M. Pleavin, N. Graham, R. Clarke, I. Ferrer, P. Hubbell, F. Daichendt, J. Alexander, G. Mills.
 First Row—H. Quick, A. Duxter, E. White, V. Mackie, O. Rabski, Mrs. May, B. Cook, S. Wolfe, M. Hotti, P. Thompson, B. Vickers.

CLASS 10C

Third Row—B. Brooker, D. Brown, D. Bowes, E. Forster, C. Binns, N. Lefler, R. Duchene, J. Gimpel, M. Rouffer, J. Fabu, G. Godwin, G. Rogers.
 Second Row—T. Tutton, D. Moore, R. Burke, R. Neilson, S. Dupis, D. Renaud, E. Russel, L. Yaciuk, K. Plumb, J. Susko, J. Pollock, B. Waddell.
 First Row—D. Spendlove, P. Hoffman, E. Penrose, L. Hyland, D. Lewis, Miss Stewart, D. Saby, B. St. Pierre, J. Pritchard, C. Czwornog, C. Carry.



CLASS 10D

Third Row—G. Brooks, F. Pival, R. Frank, D. Brechum, G. Hinsperger, W. Nantau, M. Shaw, S. Higginbottom.
 Second Row—E. Serbanivich, J. White, G. Caldwell, A. Binder, J. Lischeron, F. Bennett, J. Spiroff, R. Simpson.
 First Row—M. Allen, H. Wiwcharuk, B. McRae, N. Santin, Mr. Bell, J. Graf, M. Donnelly, B. Honor, S. Ellis.



CLASS 10E

Third Row—T. Barrow, H. Robillard, D. Jennings, G. Smith, T. Kipp, R. Gelinas, D. Thorpe, A. Johnson, I. Dodich.
 Second Row—H. Curtis, L. Heslip, B. Bowskill, K. Johnson, K. Goulding, D. Dunlevy, H. Slack, D. Darling, H. Brecka, B. Mitchell.
 First Row—D. Holland, S. Rising, A. Dequire, J. Eagen, J. Hamilton, Mr. M. C. Thompson, J. Chadwick, G. Brusutti, C. Patrick, H. Slack, M. Waronchak.

CLASS 10C1

Third Row—H. Doster, M. Manktelow, A. Wanden, K. Blandford, I. Barrett.
 Second Row—B. Vincent, S. Troy, J. Lindsey, S. Stewart, S. Vandewiele, C. Tobin, R. Robinson.
 First Row—C. Schranz, B. J. Middleton, V. Ilnicki, N. Long, Mrs. Crawford, M. Byrnes, S. South, P. Green, L. Russette, M. Young.
 Absent—H. Smith, R. DeMers.



CLASS 10C2

Third Row—G. O'Brien, B. Hladys, V. Tratechaud, H. Lachance, M. Charette, O. Denison, E. MacEachern, J. South.
 Second Row—W. Ulicny, M. Smith, J. Spencer, D. Prime, K. Palmer, D. Todorov, E. Elford, D. Walker, D. Renaud, D. Scoulfield.
 First Row—V. Marzin, I. Smidu, B. Conn, D. Wall, Mrs. Crawford, P. Fitch, E. Adler, K. Rochemont, P. Thornton.



CLASS 9A

Back Row—B. Andrews, J. Davidson, L. McCrindle, R. Kerr, L. Gidilevich, A. Barrat, B. Rubin, F. Lewin, B. Lyons, M. Biro, W. Lewick.
 Second Row—J. Korchnak, N. Lowry, J. Russell, J. Morianti, D. Hebert, M. Pritchard, M. Kraynack, S. Bartl, G. Bassett, S. Krause, L. Chapman, J. Scoons, S. Elliott, P. Burke, G. Janaway, G. Gerenser.
 First Row—E. Atkinson, M. Mobley, V. Ilnicki, N. Bodyk, C. Whiteside, Mr. Krause, P. McCready, C. Ray, H. Matalik, J. Baum.



CLASS 9B

- Third Row—A. Curtis, A. Merritt, B. Daxby, K. Cheshire, J. Wigeluk, W. French, J. Susko, B. Keech, K. Lowling, J. Lassaline, E. Bereza, J. Pierce, S. Hays.
- Second Row—T. Shaw, P. Feldman, R. Gagnon, M. Burgess, J. Sanders, J. Belinski, C. Cote, C. Carriere, T. Jones, M. Goslin, D. McKenzie, L. Somodi, J. Baker, B. Griesinger.
- First Row—C. Senaiko, P. Shalomiski, S. Burton, D. Crowley, J. Moore, Mr. Laframboise, D. Acomick, S. Allan, L. Belinski, C. Craig.



CLASS 9C

- Third Row—B. Rurych, S. Reid, A. Yuzpe, B. Tinsley, M. Skally, P. Bristowe, D. Trott, B. Rowland, R. Weingarden.
- Second Row—J. Lorenzon, P. Middlemore, H. Robbins, F. Muroff, B. Olsen, B. Anderson, B. Skelly, M. Bain, U. Yaworsky, B. Easby, B. Legault, E. D'Amour, M. Balga, J. Tratechaud, B. Kelly, N. Katzman, G. Rogers, R. Pearson.
- First Row—S. Petryshyn, J. Jones, B. Hemerle, B. Yorke, E. Muroff, P. Bondy, J. Lis, E. Backer, G. Cook, S. Stroud, S. Rayzak.

CLASS 9D

- Third Row—J. Nasotti, G. Scammel, K. Paisley, C. Morrison, J. Stecher, L. Shelley, R. Berry, D. Atkinson, G. Gribble, S. Potomski, D. Whitesell.
- Second Row—D. Thompson, R. Ballantine, R. Smith, A. Tarcia, H. Magee, J. Marshall, N. House, F. Shaw, M. Forsyth, G. Gingras, J. Langlois, V. Soulliere, H. Frickey, D. Merriam.
- First Row—P. Meyers, J. McNeill, P. Munro, G. Wilkie, P. Gates, Miss McNeill, J. Martin, E. Turner, L. Vadari, E. Libby, M. Power.



CLASS 9E

- Third Row—M. Weingust, B. Russell, E. Morris, R. Prieur, G. Sills, L. Quinlan, T. Bechard, V. McPhedran, R. Dodich, R. Dearing.
- Second Row—G. Brister, G. McAuslan, A. Alyland, B. Buller, J. Moore, C. Portt, D. Meredith, B. Grabowski, D. Fleming, C. Adamus, C. Lore, P. Oke, V. Reaume, B. St. Pierre, B. Noble.
- First Row—M. MacDonald, M. Maisonneville, M. Demcak, H. Virvalo, L. Maven, A. W. Green, J. Levesque, S. Graham, J. Skrzela, S. Dupius.

**CLASS 9F**

Third Row—T. Moore, D. Pennington, H. Kennedy,
J. Woolsey, L. Bondy, B. Gordon, D.
Gates, M. Uruski, H. Brenner, B.
Lipischak, K. Maguire, K. Malcolm.

Second Row—S. Ulian, M. Bolohan, M. Clouse, J.
Bertoia, M. Wright, B. Gelinas, C.
Dungy, R. Fekete, B. Bodchon, P.
Claus, A. Trudell, L. Smith, B.
Poupard.

First Row—M. Davidson, L. Lenarduzzi, P. Plumb,
E. Banwell, D. McDonald, Miss S.
Lozoway, D. McDonald, A. Banks, G.
Payne, N. Del Cal.

Absent—L. Ilnicki, J. Hurst, M. Milne.

CLASS 9G

Third Row—D. Freeman, B. Schickler, T. Knight,
D. Kulyk, D. Mako, J. Gifford, R.
Robillard, J. Lowry, G. Dippel, F.
Soulliere.

Second Row—B. Barnes, B. Barrow, F. Chambers,
M. Coutts, J. Rodie, C. Bourdeau, M.
Caldwell, N. Fidler, E. Fabu, M.
Beall, E. Greenhow, D. Patterson,
B. Peterson.

First Row—P. Eastman, U. Parish, H. Libby, E.
Hexel, Mr. Unger, N. Lee, B. Donnelly,
C. Soucie, J. Carey, B. Walpole.

**CLASS 9H**

Back Row—E. Biela, B. Tuson, J. Rawlings,
Nicholls, J. Mitchell, B. Strevett, B.
White, B. Kachmar, A. Shayko, M.
Mitchell.

Middle Row—M. Sillick, R. Brown, L. Shapiro,
D. Moncrieff, N. Robertson, G.
Yaworsky, M. Prociuk, B. McGhie,
V. Graf, S. Dean, M. Armstrong, L.
Pidgeon, L. Sediva, K. Rising, K.
Reid, S. Ilcisin, B. Fraser.

Front Row—C. Happy, J. Seradsky, L. Levesque,
E. Brooker, P. Husdon, Mrs. Hagarty,
P. Crowder, C. Wilson, L. Ford, D.
Savage, K. MacInnes.

**KENNEDY**

K is for Kennedy, the school we love so dear;
E is for effort which we give throughout the year.
N is for the neatness with which the school is kept,
And **N** is for the numerous sports at which we're so adept.
E is for the energy which all the students show,
D is for the door of success to lead us on, you know.
Y is for a happy year of learning, fun and zest.
Together spelling **K—E—N—N—E—D—Y**; it adds up to the best.

Velma Marzin—10C2

CLASS NEWS *Continued*

COMMERCIAL CLASS OF 11C1

Our class composed of 25 girls and 2 boys, practically lives in rooms 303 and 304.

Our President is Mary Jane Ramsay and our Vice-President is Islay McLaughlin.

Mary Innes is our star in basketball and volleyball. Lois is always struggling with her Math while Marg keeps walking to the basket to deposit her gum. Gloria and Geraldine keep us cheerful, while Diana always has a bewildered look. Three of our class-mates left us during the year to go to work, Ethel, Helen and Josephine. Donna Fields and Mary Bygrove are best of friends, most of the time. Joan's heart jumps when she sees a head of blonde curls going down the hall. Chris always has a new addition to her fraternity pins after the week-end. Carolyn is our honour student and we're proud of her.

We also have 2 MALE members in our class—when they come. You would think since they are so outnumbered they would be shy. But not Cyril and Charles.

Our class would like to give a vote of thanks to one of the finest teachers in the school, who is our homeroom teacher. He got us various jobs working at the License Bureau, taking inventory at Sam's and arranging for some of our girls to help the T. B. Technician. To Mr. Liddell, thanks a million.

ISLAY McLAUGHLIN

CLASS OF 10C

WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE IF—

Bonnie and Chuck weren't so wee,
Sandra walked quite naturally,
Clarrie Carrie was not so clever,
Ken Plumb not talking, ever,
Dick not having his wavy black hair,
Elaine Penrose is in the right chair,
Ralph Burke looking at Mr. Knapp in defence,
Donna Spendlove understanding Science,
Neal Lefler not acting so crazy,
Lorna Highland not looking hazy,
Ernestine Russel not thinking of Don,
Ted Tutton not giving out a yawn,
Chuck Binns not having his big, brown eyes,
Donna May not having sighs,
John not playing the saxophone,
Carolyn talking in a noisy tone,
Ron not having his book overdue,
Pat not looking as if she's blue?
But of course, we all agree,
That ours is the best class—Class 10C.

DONNA SPENDLOVE

THE CLASS OF 10C2

In our small class of 10C2,
We have a girl named Irene Smidu.
Our dancing star is Donna Wall,
A friend of mine and liked by all.
There is a girl named Betty Conn,
Who eats her lunch on the school lawn.
We have a boy who's called Willy,
And he at times acts very silly.

Dorothy Prime, our carrot-top,
Is sometimes called "Little Dot".
Erma Elford has a sore knee,
And George is tall, as you can see.
Donna and Jean are giggling gals,
Don and John are very good pals.
Boris is a boy who looks half-dead,
Esther calls that thing up there a head.
Kathy is the girl that is so sweet,
Pat Fitch is always tidy and neat.

VIRGINIA TRATECHAUD

CLASS NEWS—10C1

It's nine A.M. on the third floor
Let us knock on Miss McEwen's door.
If you see someone whizzing by
It's Shirley Stewart at 9:05.
Our typing experts are
Rosalie and Helen by far.
Janet's marks are not too low
And her conversation is all about Joe.
We are very proud of Clara Schranz,
With her violin she has won many fans.
Shirley South is a cute little blonde,
And she is one of whom we're all fond.
Annie and Marilyn are the best of friends,
And both can't wait 'till the period ends.
Kay Blandford is a serious "miss"
And when she remarks it puts a smile on our lips.
Beverly is the joker of our class
And also she is a pretty lass.
Betty and Inez are gals of pint size,
But pretty soon they hope to rise.
Verna and LaVerna are two good readers,
In shorthand they are the leaders.
The mermaids of our class are Helen and Maxine
At swimming they are really keen.
Marilyn and Sylvia are very quiet,
In class they try to keep silent.
Rhoda's smile is very pretty,
And she lives outside the city.
We must not forget, Shirley and Nancy,
Their personalities are really quite fancy.
Carol is a smiling girl,
With Johnny her life is a-whirl.
At the end of the period, if Miss McEwen looks sad,
It's because Pat's typing is so bad.
Now you have met 10C1 of '52 and '53,
What is your opinion of us twenty-three?

PAT GREEN—10C1

CLASS OF 10D

Our class of 10D has the teachers perplexed,
Our marks are real poor and our books are a wreck.
We talk and we laugh, we never are still,
We pity our poor teacher, who is Mr. Bell.

Just before nine, a minute or two
We all troop in, our homework to do.
First we talk Latin, second is French,
Then comes English, to fail is a cinch.

CLASS NEWS Continued

The room is empty, the teacher's not there.
There goes a grammar book under my chair.
I duck, and I dodge the flying chalk
While to my neighbour I'm trying to talk.

The door opens, the teacher comes in—
Ah! At last peace and quiet again.
The card games are ended, the chatter is stopped.
We get back a test, in which we all flopped.

This sounds very bad, but really it's not
We are little angels inside, but devils on top.
After a few minutes of lively play
We're satisfied. For to-day!

B. J. McCRAE—10D

CLASS OF 10E

Here comes Lorne who's always late,
Along with Denzil who refused to date.
Harold is studious and never romancing,
But Don likes to take Nancy dancing.
We now have Gloria so dainty and petite,
But for looks there's Judy who can't be beat.
Here comes Tom and Ken the class's clowns,
With Ivan always wearing a frown.
Henry is always ready to laugh,
With Hubert only learning half.
Dick loves to give a long speech,
With Art trying to make us screech.
Jean and Joan we know are shy,
Ask Annette and she'll tell you why.
Carol says that new hat was a loss,
But Harley asks how much will it cost.
Marion and Harriet are members of the Red Cross,
While Keith and Bill are fighting over who's boss.
Here comes Shirley dancing on her toes,
Along with Jerry with a cold in his nose.
Delphine is everybody's wonderful friend,
While Ronnie is trying to make us all grin.
Tom and Don always come when you call,
And last Mr. Thompson the pappy of us all!

SHIRLEY RISING

9D

Nancy and Beth are giggling gals.
Janice and Mable are very good pals.
Jerald and Don have dark black hair.
But Helen's and Jean's are quite fair.
Mary and Johnny are quite a pair
While Ruth and Veronica don't give a care.
Loretta, and Pat are whispering gals.
Larry and Janet are small.
Then there are the two Dons who are very tall.
And Joan Marshall, Oh! what a talker.
And Bob who never thinks of girls.
While Elinor and Aneita comb their curls.
And we must not forget that tricky Hazel Frickey.
And then there is Dennis always on time.
But we almost forgot the brains of the class, Judy.
And then there is Stan, Roger, Phyllis, Gary and Keith.
But have no more time to mention in words.
So now you know our brilliant class 9D.

FLORENCE SHAW

9A

If you would like to hear some news,
9A's got the poem you should choose.
Neil and Mike are on the beat,
While Pat, of course, is in her seat.
Lex, of course, is giggling out loud,
While Shirley's head is in a cloud.
There goes Berney—talking again,
Without any motion to raise his hand.
Carole is sketching again,
But Arthur goes for the new jet plane.
Vicki and Lillie are chatting like mad,
While sweaters and skirts are the latest fad.
Someday Larry G's homework will be done
As soon as he finds out that school has begun.
William L. keeps taking our books,
But someday, someone will change his looks.
Nancy B's has got us worried
Because her average is way past eighty.
Joe, of course, is fixing his hair,
While Preston doesn't seem to care.
The class grows quiet, the light is dim
While Monsieur Knapp waits for the lesson to begin.

HELEN MATALIK

THE CLASS OF 9B

Our class is headed by Wayne French and Jo-Anne Sanders. We were represented on the Forum by both of our presidents. We were the outstanding class in the sale of magazine subscriptions. Thanks to Bob Keech and his sales totals of \$181, we were treated to a show.

Our first class party at the home of Thelma Jones was a huge success and plans for a second are now in progress. The 9B representatives on the rifle team are Albert Curtis and Bill Danby, and on the swimming team Jo-Anne Sanders.

Amid all the hustle and bustle of the year, 9B had quite a successful term.

JO-ANNE SANDERS

PERSONALITIES OF 9H

Eyes	Dawn Moncrieff
Lips	Sally Malott
Hair	Lee Haste
Nose	Ross Brown
Legs	Margaret Armstrong
Eyebrows	Kathy MacInnes
Hands	Lucille Lord
Figure	Elaine Dean
Smile	Phyllis Crowder
Voice	Bill Fraser
Personality	Carol Happy
Popularity	Ben Kachmar
Brains	Leo Shapiro
Ambition	Gloria Yaworsky
Sports	Eddie Biela
Dimples	Alex Shayko
Complexion	Pat Hudson
Expressions	Jimmy Rawlings
Class Clown	Bob Tuson

CADETS



CADET OFFICERS

Third Row—B. Harrison, D. Noble, M. Brown, I. Zeneley, R. Pull, L. Bink.
 Second Row—K. Friis, R. Rowe, B. Hladish, J. Clifford, J. Clifford, G. Tootill.
 First Row—R. Penney, D. Thorpe, G. Tuck, D. Piper, E. Long, T. Wilson.

THE CADET CORPS '51-'52

As in previous years, Kennedy had a corps of which it could be proud.

Before an enthusiastic crowd, Cadet Lieutenant-Colonel David Eng conducted the inspection on our front lawn, with surveillance Colonel A. F. Hodges and C. T. O. Captain Carson as visiting officers. By a contested decision, the Specialized Platoon Cup was awarded to the Precision Squad. The Band, however, was successful in winning the School Bands Tattoo in June in Jackson Park.

On April 26-27, 60 boys went to the Cedar Springs Ranges for Bren training.

Our most successful year ended with an Officers' Dinner in May at the Lakewood.

GEORGE TRONIANKO—13

SOCCER

This year's team, although not a championship team was a happy team. The members of the team all enjoyed the game and played it for the fun as well as for the sport. Our regular season's games against Patterson, Walkerville and Lowe Vocational gave our inexperienced squad the experience to defeat Kingsville 7-1 in our final game of the season at Kingsville.

THE RIFLE TEAM

Our rifle team did fairly well during the last year. In the 1952 Royal Military College match our team placed twelfth out of one hundred and sixty-seven schools. In the Ontario Rifle Association match we placed ninth in Ontario. We placed third in the City of Windsor, and third in the Province of Ontario. We also shot in the Youth of the Empire contest.

The first distinguished marksman's badge received in the school and the third in the city came last year. There will be three more by the end of the year. The badge is a gold bullet won for shooting ten targets over ninety-seven. It is one of the highest awards obtainable for rifle shooting. To date, this year's Royal Military College match, along with the Province of Ontario shoot, has not been completed. The city match also still has to come.

Last year the top shot on our squad was Jim Bleasby with 96.8. He won the Strathcona award, and the Galor Hagarty Memorial Trophy for having the highest score in this district. Congratulations, Jim! Our Captain this year is George Troniano.

HARRY WALTER

BOYS' SPORTS



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Third Row—A. W. Green, J. Alexander, B. Keech, K. Rising, A. F. S. Gilbert.

Second Row—W. Lewick, F. Macten, D. Campbell, D. Buratto, L. Zeleney, E. Biela.

First Row—G. Rogers, D. Pennington, E. Rosenbaum, D. Cole, A. Rutherford, O. Maksimowich, J. Susnevich.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

The Junior Basketball team of 1952-53 was the first W. O. S. S. A. championship junior team since 1948 in Kennedy. The season started in great fashion with an exciting victory over Patterson Juniors. This was the first time they had been defeated by Kennedy in three years. Under the fine and spirited coaching of Mr. Green, the team continued on its winning way and once again defeated Patterson by a lop-sided score in the Kennedy Gym. The team was undefeated until it met Assumption. Then it met its only defeat of the season.

Kennedy Juniors finished the season with only one defeat in sixteen starts. They won the W. S. S. A. and W. O. S. S. A. championships. At the season's start Don Cole was elected captain by the squad. The first string consisted of Earl Rosenbaum, Orest Maksimovich, Don Cole, David Pennington, and Allen Rutherford. The rest of the squad was made up of "Lanky" Jack Alexander, Gary Rogers, John Suznevitch, Leo Zeleney, Deno "Soose" Boratto and Doug. Campbell. Also on the team getting experience were John Beila, Wally Lewick, Ken Rising.

Much of the team's success should be credited to Mr. Green and his fine work with the team this year and it is hoped that next year he can repeat with another W. O. S. S. A. championship.

FOOTBALL 1952

This year the Blue and Gold Clippers had a very successful season. The Clippers played Patterson for the city championship and at many instances during the season, they showed form comparable to that of the '49 and '50 WOSSA championship teams from our school. Every game this year was a thriller and the team made

a reputable showing during the season. The scores were as follows:

(preview) KENNEDY	11	WALKERVILLE	0
KENNEDY	21	SANDWICH	0
KENNEDY	17	VOCATIONAL	6
KENNEDY	12	ASSUMPTION	12
KENNEDY	11	PATTERSON	23
KENNEDY	19	WALKERVILLE	0

Kennedy entered the semi-finals playing Assumption Purple Raiders. The game was extremely exciting with the final score being KENNEDY 18—ASSUMPTION 5.

The best game of the season by far was the championship game with Patterson. The teams played on vertically even terms during the first half with the score 6-5 for Kennedy at half-time. The last half was, without a doubt, the best high school football played in this city in many years. Although not out-played, the Blue and Gold were defeated by the score of 19-13.

The football team would like to thank their two coaches, the late Mr. George Chapman, for his fine and inspiring direction of the team; and Mr. George Arnott, who did much towards leading the team to the city final. Congratulations are also extended to the All-City members of the team: Marv Larsen, Ron Maniaco, Ed. Brecka, and Angus Morrison.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Kennedy did not place a player on the All-City team. At this opportunity I would like to thank on behalf of the senior team, our great coach Mr. George Arnott and our team manager, Julius Szorik, for the swell job they did this year.

GARY DOUGLAS



KENNEDY FOOTBALL TEAM

Third Row—M. Edwards, Z. Kovacs, J. McLister, O. Maksimowich, G. Gould, J. Partington, J. Buda, R. Hoover, E. Rosenbaum, R. Maniacco, E. Derus.
 Second Row—G. Douglas, G. Corchis, R. Penney, R. Clarke, D. Rossi, G. Massey, S. Young, H. Pinkerton, M. Lyzen, J. Foote, B. Brice.
 First Row—E. Fletcher, E. Brecka, J. McKay, R. Malkin, S. Finch, C. Safrance, Mr. G. Arnott (Coach), G. Enns, S. Fulford, N. Leslie, A. Morrison, R. Bielich, J. Lorenzen.
 Absent—M. Larsen (Capt.), J. Ash.

FOOTBALL FEVER

"Fight, fight, fight, fight, K. C.!!" Football season is underway once more and the enthusiastic fans from Kennedy Collegiate are, as usual, putting their whole heart into their cheering. How many of us look forward to the opening of school in September, because it means that football season will soon be starting? Every night after school, when the majority of the students are leaving for home, the members of our hard-working football team can be seen staggering down the hall towards a couple of hours of stiff practice.

The whole school week builds towards Friday, when the faithful fans will head for Windsor Stadium. At noon hour, absorbing discussions are held concerning the possibilities of a trip to London for the Western Ontario Championship game. In fact, at any hour of the day and especially in the middle of a Latin class, the normal Kennedy student is ready and willing to talk about football. Our weekly assemblies are high-lighted by skits concerning the team, and by Friday noon the rhythmic chant "Get-your-foot-ball-tickets!!", can be heard above all the bedlam. Gold and blue shakers are waved in your face, and everyone is proudly sporting his school colours. The epidemic of football fever has attacked in full force!

Any Friday night in late September and through October, excited groups of students, coming from all directions, make their way to the stadium. All buses which lead to Kennedy are packed with chattering fans. Of course, each school supports its own team, and as we students of Kennedy firmly believe, the players on the gridiron wearing blue and gold are, and always will be, tops!! The epidemic reaches its peak as our team leaves the field with another victory, amid the ardent cheering of the Kennedy student body. Once again, our team and our coaches have proved that they're the best!!

PAT MCKENZIE—12A

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Kennedy Clippers had a successful season which produced many hectic moments. The season's scores were as follows:

Kennedy	49	Patterson	50
"	64	Vocational	51
"	33	Assumption	38
"	43	Sandwich	38
"	21	Walkerville	27
"	48	Patterson	39
"	32	Vocational	34
"	27	Assumption	31
"	62	Sandwich	46
"	29	Walkerville	32

The Clippers ended the season tied with W. D. Lowe Roughriders and had to play a post-season game to decide the fourth playoff spot. The game was a thriller with Kennedy defeating the scrappy Tech squad 46-36.

Kennedy played their best game of the season at St. Denis Hall against Assumption in the semi-finals of the city championship. The Clippers played a tremendous game and took advantage of every break to give undefeated Assumption their toughest game of the season. If the Clippers had had a better shooting percentage they might have defeated the powerful Purple Raiders. However after a grueling tussle Assumption came out on top 36-35.

Roving Reporter

A subject of much interest, and great controversy in Kennedy Collegiate this year, concerns our neglected hockey team. It seems that the lack of loyal supporters for the team has forced the forum to announce that, unless there are more fans buying hockey tickets this year, we are very likely to find ourselves without a hockey team. Here are a few opinions on the matter, given by average students found wandering the hallowed halls of K.C.I.

13B — WILFRED COHEN

Here in direct quotation is the opinion of Wilfred Cohen of Sr. 13.

I think that the school should have a hockey team whether it is self-supporting or not. You cannot expect a losing team to be supported the way that one might support a winner.

Every team cannot always be a profit-making concern. I think there should be enough surplus left over from basketball and football to support all lesser organizations.

I do not think that we should be told to buy tickets (in the form of an ultimatum) or else lose our hockey team.

JEAN LONG — 12A

Jean Long of 12A regards the hockey team as a fruitless and altogether too expensive venture to be continued. It is unfortunate that the members of the hockey team, who have given unselfishly of their time and great efforts, should suffer for something that is really none of their fault, says Jean. But where interest is lacking there is little use of continuing. It was therefore necessary to awaken the slumbering school spirit with the promise that if attendance did not increase at hockey games the hockey team would be dissolved.

HELEN QUICK—GRADE 10

Here is a slightly different slant on the subject. Helen Quick of 10B would be sorry to see any team fade from existence. She realizes that a hockey team, regardless of its strength and skill, possesses few loyal and persistent fans. After all, the arena is quite a distance from our school. Therefore, the gate receipts are not overly high. But it is Helen's opinion that the hockey team should draw some financial support from the forum if they need it. It is possible that it could afford to lend a helping hand to a needy hockey team.

GORD McAUSLAN—9E

In order to gain the opinion of a fairly new, and yet somewhat experienced student, I approach Gordon McAuslan of Grade Nine E. Gord thinks that it would be something just short of a catastrophe to lose our hockey team. He possesses enough real school spirit to want to have a team from K. C. I. right in the midst of the hockey championships. He does feel, however, that an expensive endeavour such as the hockey team should support itself solely by means of funds produced by the sale of hockey tickets. He has an idea which he feels would encourage a better sale of tickets. "If ticket holders were allowed to leave school early, as they have done occasionally in the past," offers Gord, "I think the ticket sales would increase." Well, its something to think over.

Let's hope for a better supported hockey team in the coming year.

—DON J. PIPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Of course she didn't go anywhere. How could she? Whenever Mr. Marsden was invited out, he locked Emily in the house and regretfully announced to his hosts that Mrs. Marsden was having another attack.

"Poor Mr. Marsden, it must be terribly trying, and how courageously cheerful he acts."

Once he even entertained at home and locked Mrs. Marsden in the bedroom. That was his malicious idea of a joke. Even Sundays Mr. Marsden carried his viciousness with him. He regularly attended church alone, and his sincere piety was second only to that of the parson. Oh, Mr. Marsden was truly a martyr in the noblest form:

Approximately at the age of forty-five, Mr. Marsden began to have recurrent attacks of asthma, becoming more severe as his years slipped by. As these attacks became worse, it was necessary for him to sleep sitting erect, in order to avoid choking. During these attacks he relied on drugs to give him relief and to induce sleep. On these occasions, he would remain at home, the time varying with the severity of the attack. In his early fifties the attacks became worse and the recuperating periods became longer. It was in the spring of eighteen-fifty-four that the townspeople of the community gave a testimonial dinner for Mr. Marsden, shortly after his fifty-fourth birth-

day. The very next week he had another attack, and it was three weeks before the townspeople again heard of Jim Marsden.

Early Sunday morning of the third week, Emily emerged from the house for the first time in four years. She went straight to the rectory to inform the parson that he would have a funeral to perform. Mr. Marsden had died during the night. A coroner's report later revealed that somehow Mr. Marsden had swallowed potassium cyanide in place of his usual sleeping potion. Thus, it was the parson's sorrowful duty that Sunday, to inform his congregation that the gentle, virtuous, benevolent Mr. Marsden had left this mortal world, and joined the select few beyond the guarded gates.

Only one episode remains of this paradox. The funeral was the most elaborate ever witnessed in that county. And at the funeral, two heavy-eyed friends were heard to say, as they passed the bier, "Such a good man!" "Yeah! Poor Mrs. Marsden."

ROD MACGREGOR—12B

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GIRLS' SPORTS



GIRLS' SWIM TEAM

Fourth Row—D. Doan, Miss Lozoway, Mrs. Crawford, M. Osborne, M. French, M. Innes.
 Third Row—H. Quick, B. Hemerle, M. Bolichowski, B. Cook, S. Wolfe, M. Hotti, A. Benca, P. Safrance,
 M. Mobley, M. Rapawy, N. Honor.
 Second Row—B. Vickers, M. Marshall, I. Lysen, J. Morianti, C. Dungy, M. Donnelly, V. Tratechaud, S.
 Pearse, A. Beckett, P. Balton.
 First Row—P. Burke, V. Mackie, B. McGhie, M. Spencer, P. Blair, J. Clarkson, P. Thompson, B. St. Pierre,
 E. Greenhow, J. Tratechaud, S. Krause, E. Musy, V. Graff.

GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

The Girls' Swimming got off to a big splash, and after weeks of practising we had two duel meets with Walkerville. Sylvia Wolfe, Beverly Vickers, Mary Osborne, Maureen Marshall, Mary Innes and Virginia Mackie, represented our team at London and placed third. The W. S. A. diving and style meet will be March 31, and the speed on April 1. As of yet, the teams have not been definitely picked, but there are many good swimmers and divers that should give Kennedy a strong girls' team, both Junior and Senior. I should like to thank Mrs. Crawford and Miss Lozoway for their unfailing guidance and patience.

VOLLEYBALL

The senior and junior volleyball teams were coached this year by a new member of our staff—Miss Lozoway. The senior team played very well this year, ending up with four wins and three losses. They won against Vocational who later went on to win the WOSSA championship.

The junior team showed a great deal of spirit on and off the floor to offer their support to the seniors.

Thanks are in order to Miss Lozoway, their coach, Carol "Andy" Anderson, the senior captain and the junior captain, Tena Knapper.

P. S. — Thanks to the members of the football team who took time to give their support to the teams during their home games. How about more support from the students?

IRENE LYZEN

BADMINTON:

This year the badminton club increased considerably and as a result the juniors were instructed by some of the seniors. The juniors played on Wednesday morning before class while the seniors played after school on Friday. At the time of writing, the city tournament has not been played, but K. C. I. has great hopes for the girls and mixed doubles. The club would like to express their thanks to Don McLean, a great player, Stan Soteros, a former K. C. I. star, and its wonderful coach, Mr. Ward

IRENE LYZEN

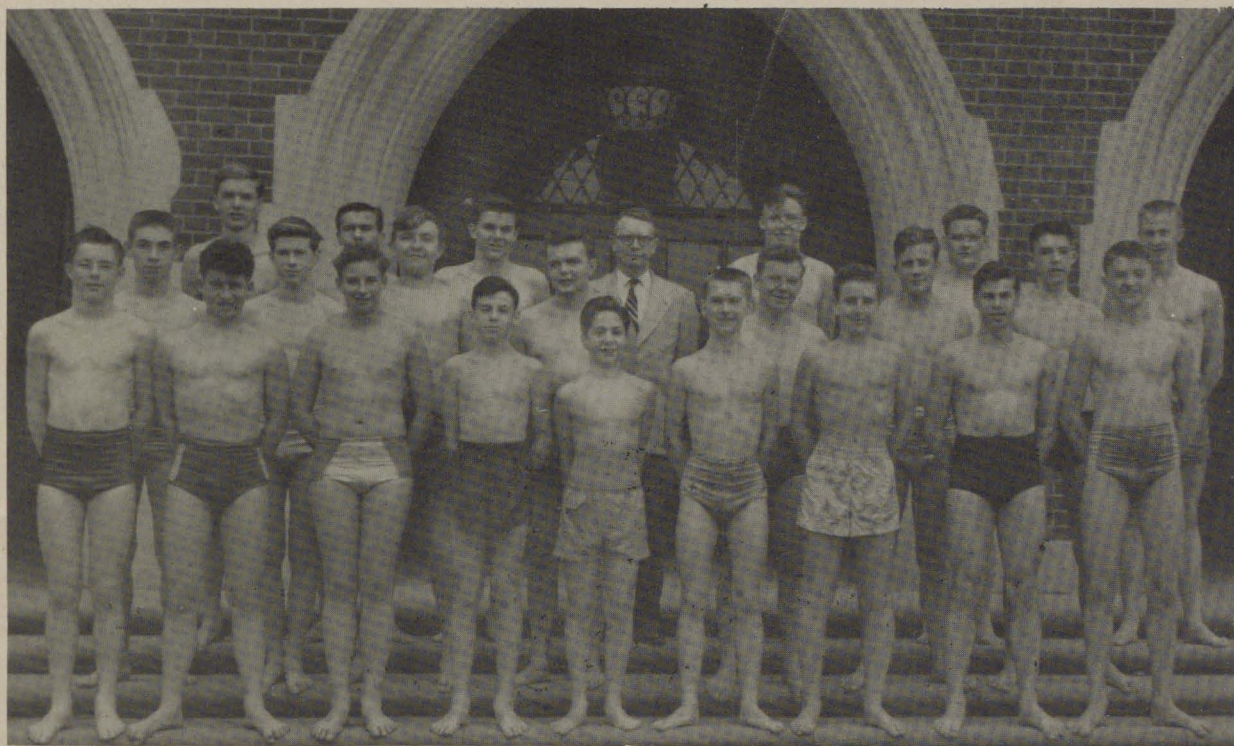
TENNIS

This year Kennedy had an inter-school tennis meet. Entries of students from all classes participated and a junior and senior winner chosen. In the girls' meet, Joan Hamilton of Grade 10 was Junior Champ and Madie Muroff of Grade 12 was Senior Champ. These girls played off and Madie Muroff became Girls School Champ. In the boys' series Wilfred Cohen became Senior winner and Jim Jensen the Junior.

Then the Secondary School Tennis Tournament began in September and a number of Kennedy players entered but because of keen competition were unable to win any of the events.

Our tennis players received a great deal of experience in these meets and next year should be able to win a great many if not all the events.

LYDIA KRUKOWSKI



BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM

Third Row—R. Brooker, A. Pouti, R. Best, A. C. Liddell (Coach), B. Mitchell, K. Friis, B. Bray.
 Second Row—P. Hubbell, F. Bennett, E. Serbanivich, N. Douglas, B. Bryce, R. Rowe, M. Pritchard.
 First Row—B. Barrott, R. Gelinas, G. Scammell, F. Muroff, A. Baral, M. Rouffer, J. Gendler, D. Moore, E. Gazo.

BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM

Flash! From the Swimming World. In London, Ontario, the well-trained Kennedy team captured a 5th place in the Western Ontario Invitational Meet.

In Windsor in the first week of March, the Kennedy team beat Walkerville by a score of 58-42. During the week of March 23, the Kennedy Seniors and Juniors met and bowed to Assumption by a score of 59-41.

The season officially closed when the Windsor Secondary School Meet was held in the Kennedy Pool April 1. Here the K. C. I. Senior boys won the Senior crown beating the running up team Assumption by one point. The Junior boys took third place and on the whole both teams are to be congratulated. Special notice should be given to Royden Best of Kennedy who tied for the Senior Individual Champion, and to Mr. Liddell our coach who did a splendid job.

DON-ED-BILL

GOLF

This year's golf team finished fourth in the annual W. S. S. A. Tournament held at Roseland Golf Club.

The team consisted of Earl Cherniak, Marv Goldin, Richard Woodall, Lance Whipple and Ted Tutton.

Ted Tutton fired 79 for the lowest score for the team and the tournament.

The team would like to thank Mr. Ward who gave us much of his time, and many helpful hints.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

In the regular seasons, even with little support, the girls won two games, but the rest of the games were lost in the last quarters of play. Our best game was with Vocational at Kennedy. We were leading at half time against an unbeaten team, but unfortunately the girls could not keep the lead and lost. Attendance in the latter part of the season was very good; I hope that it continues next year.

We wish to express our thanks to our coach, Mrs. Crawford, our former captain, Gayle Tobin, who could not finish the season because of appendicitis, to our captain Carol Anderson, and to our manager, Joy Hewlet, for their splendid work.

This year Mrs. Crawford formed a Junior Girls' Basketball team. It has good experience by competing with several other junior teams in the city, and has shown real promise, and we hope to see some results on the senior team next year.

LYDIA KRUKOWSKI

TRACK

The Girls of the Kennedy Track Team were generally successful in the track events of 1952. Special congratulations to Mary Weber who won the Junior Girls' Track Championship for the city. Many thanks must be given to Mrs. Crawford and Miss Thorpe for coaching our teams so well. In following season we hope our team can hold the Junior Championship and win all others possible.

Good luck to the track team of 1953!

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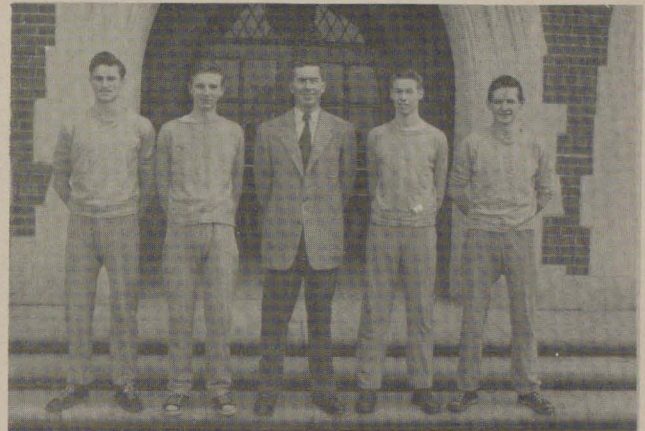
BOYS' SCHOOL TEAMS



RIFLE TEAM

Second Row—W. Cohen, M. Gretes, Mr. A. W. Bishop, O. Maksimowich, M. Pritchard, B. Harrison.

First Row—G. Troniano, H. Walter, J. Clifford, J. Clifford, J. Gilchrist, K. Smith.



TRACK TEAM

B. Seifker, D. Mensch, A. W. Green, J. Kerr, P. Lowery.

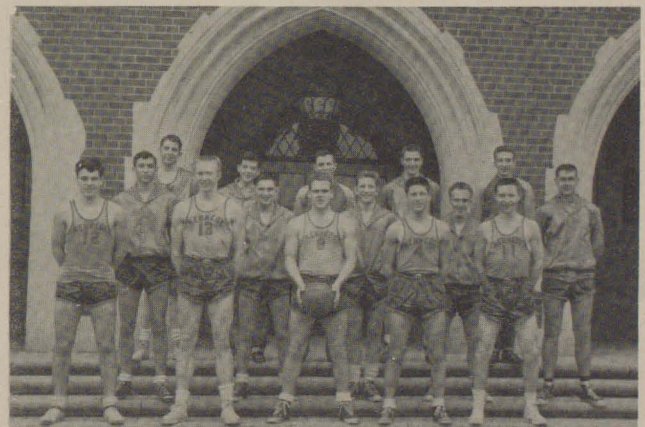


BOYS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Third Row—G. Hinch, B. Krause, B. Maniacco, E. Brecka.

Second Row—R. Pennington, M. Lyzen, D. Eng, R. Pull, J. Lorenzen.

First Row—W. Ulicny, T. Kaufman, Mr. Krause, H. Curtis, J. Kerr.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row—B. Keech, S. Young, Mr. G. Arnott, G. Fulford, J. Szorik.

Second Row—R. Brown, J. Drogosz, G. Massey, B. Krause, R. Bielich.

First Row—G. Douglas, B. Bray, A. Morrison, C. Safrance, R. Hoover.



HOCKEY

Second Row—R. Spencer, M. Brown, M. C. Thomson, J. Gilchrist, G. Vollans, D. Mensch.

First Row—J. White, R. Penney, F. Orcher, G. Soncie, J. Foote, H. Pinkerton, J. McKay.

Absent—M. Larsen.

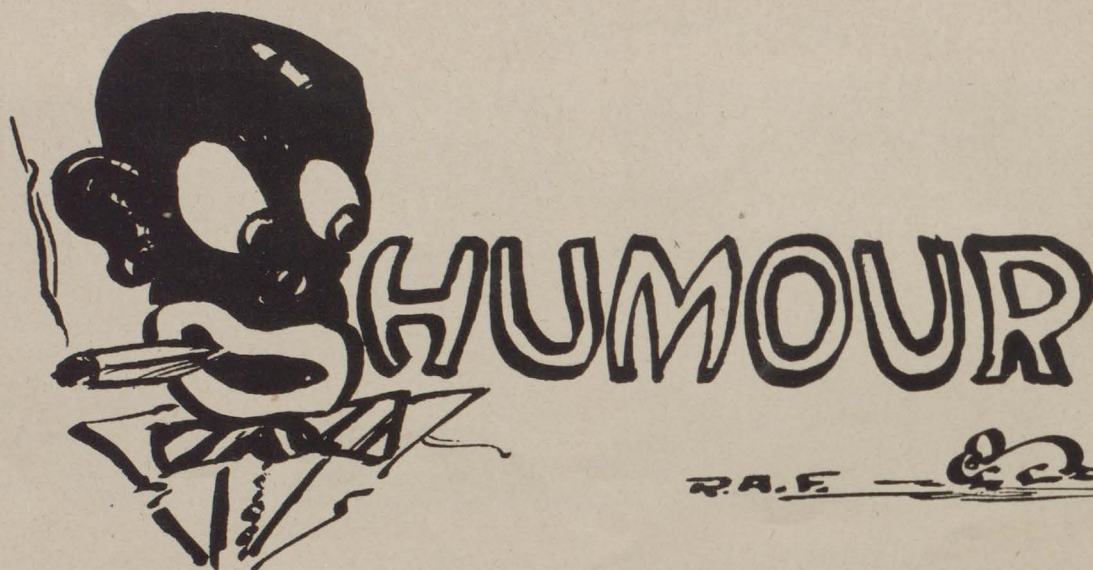


SOCCER TEAM

Third Row—D. Eng, R. Spencer, B. Mitchell, P. Pennington, L. Zeleney, E. Zemla.

Second Row—Mr. Mahon, G. Caldwell, B. Dring, T. Gawley, F. Martin, J. Spiroff, J. Zorich, J. Kerr.

First Row—T. Kaufman, J. Cimer, B. Schickler, B. Krause, J. Gimple, A. Yuzpe, B. Mitchell, J. Jensen, I. Zeleney.



Mr. Mahon (speaking of the figures on Notre Dame de Paris) . . . "What is a gargoye?"

Reply: "A throat wash."

Mr. Thompson, during a discussion on the weather asked a charming co-ed, "What is a blizzard."

She replied: "Something you take out of a turkey."

Wendy Gilchrist insisted that New York City was noted for its stupid people. She claimed she read it in a book. When Mr. Mahon asked her for proof Wendy promptly brought the book up to him, and there it was in black and white. "New York is noted for its extremely dense population . . ."

Mr. Knapp: "Use 'acharne fin' (bitter end) in a sentence."

French student: "Le chien courut apres le chat et acharne fin."

Mr. Walter: "What is the chief export of the U.S.A.?"

Reply: "Money." (He's wrong).

Mr. Walter: "Who presented this bill to parliament?"

Ron Miniacco: "Lord Durham."

Mr. Walter: "Fine, but your answer is too short. Lengthen it out."

Ron: "Loooooord Duuurrhhaaaaam."

Mr. Fox: "Name a solid."

Ron Hoover: "A stone."

Mr. Fox: "Another solid."

Ron Hoover: "Another stone."

Mr. Ward: ""Hannibal and Scipio, compare them."

Answer: "Hannibal, Hannibalior, Hannibalissimus, Scipio, Scipior, Scipiissimus."

Father: "This is a terrible report, son—Latin poor, French indifferent, mathematics bad, conduct fair."

Son: "I admit it's a bit gloomy, Dad. But look what it says here: P.E. excellent."

Telegram Message: "Washout on line. Cannot come."

Reply: "Come anyway, borrow shirt."

A wounded Canadian soldier woke up in an English hospital. He said to a nurse who was standing nearby:

"Did you bring me here to die?"

"No," she replied, "we brought you here yesterday."

There was a young Theologian named Fiddle

Who refused to accept his degree.

"It's bad enough being Fiddle," he said,

Without being Fiddle D.D."

"There goes my best pupil," said the teacher, as her glass eye rolled out the door.

Chemistry the Easy Way . . .

Chlorine: A dancer in a night club.

Antimony: Fee collected by divorced women.

Carbon: Storage place for street cars.

Barium: What you do to dead people.

Catalyst: A western ranch owner.

Boron: A person of low mentality.

Atom: Eve's husband.

Tension: An army order.

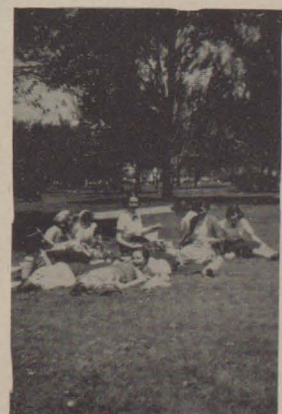
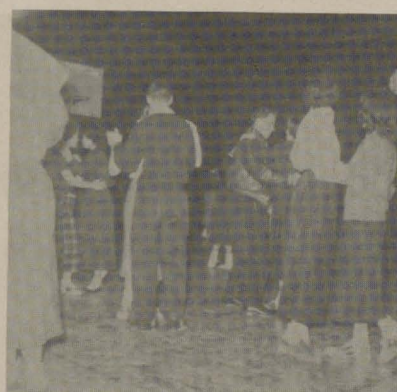
Ester: The Sunday following Good Friday.

Oxide: An ox's outer covering.

Molecule: Something an Englishman wears on his eye.

Hard Water: Ice.

CANDID PICTURES



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GIRLS' SPORTS

**SCHOOL INTERFORM JR. VOLLEYBALL TEAM 10C2**

Second Row—P. Thornton, D. Renaud, Mrs. Crawford, V. Marzin, B. Conn.

First Row—I. Smidu, O. Dennison, D. Todorov, V. Tratechaud, E. Adler, J. Spencer, E. Elford.

**SENIOR GIRLS' INTERFORM VOLLEYBALL TEAM**

Second Row—J. Doughty, N. Adams, M. Allan, E. Svirplys.

First Row—J. Albrant, V. Borota, J. Warren, C. Dyjak.

**SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM**

Third Row—V. Martin, M. Wilson, Miss S. Lozoway, G. Tobin.

Second Row—J. Slack, M. Weber, A. Benca, M. Rapawy, M. Innes.

First Row—I. Lyzen, P. Safrance, C. Anderson (captain), E. Cole, G. Bzdziuch.

**JUNIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL**

Second Row—J. Morianti, G. Tobin, D. Holland, D. Saby, E. Butosi, Miss S. Lozoway, G. Beausoleil.

First Row—J. Rodie, J. Tratechaud, S. Krause, V. Tratechaud, B. Hemerle, L. Hyland.

**KENJUNS BASKETBALL TEAM**

Second Row—B. Buchanan, A. Benca, C. Soucie, Mrs. Crawford, G. Beausoleil, N. Del Col, J. Summerland.

First Row—N. Santin, V. Tratechaud, C. Portt, J. Marianti, S. Krause, B. Hemmerly, B. Poupard.

**SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL**

Second Row—J. Hewlett (Manager), M. Wilson, J. Bunt, Mrs. Crawford (Coach), L. Krukowski, G. Bzdziuch, M. Paulos, (Timer), P. MacKenzie.

First Row—V. Martin, P. Bolton, P. Safrance, J. Long, G. Tobin, C. Anderson, M. Weber, E. Cole, V. Marzin, M. Rapawy.

Absent—Mary Innes.

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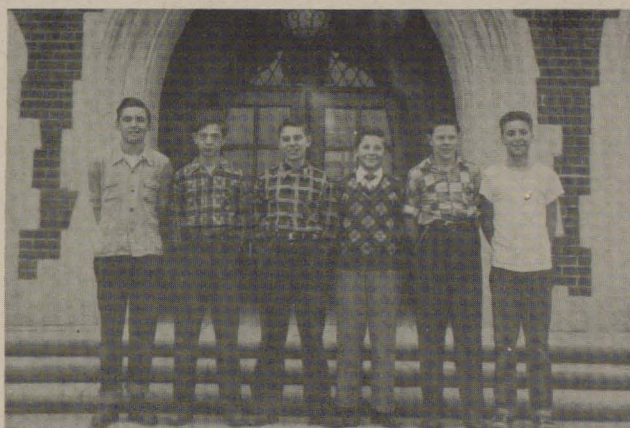
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First Row—E. Serbanivich, W. Ulicny, I. Zeleney, L. Zeleney, J. Pitman.



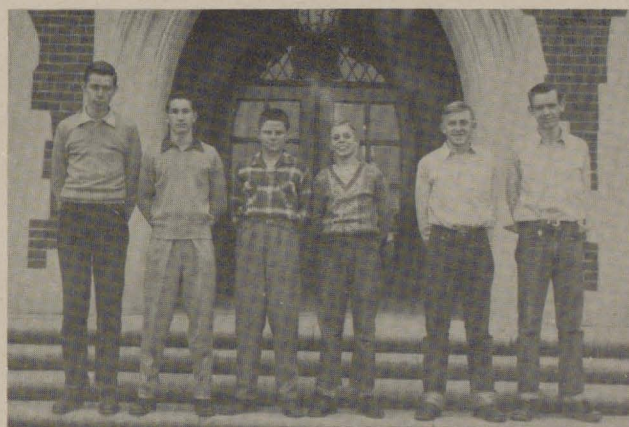
MIDGET HOUSE LEAGUE FOOTBALL

R. Andrews, D. Tröth, D. Mako, J. Gimble, B. Tinsley, W. French.



MIDGET HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

W. French, V. McPhedran, B. Keech, M. Skally, J. Lowry



JR. HOUSE LEAGUE FOOTBALL

J. South, F. Owchar, G. Tuck, D. Thorne, S. Reid, K. Reid.



INTERMEDIATE HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

Second Row—H. Brecka, L. Hyslop, J. McCrea.
First Row—J. Spiroff, H. Lasser, J. Benson, D. Maven.



SENIOR HOUSE-LEAGUE BASKETBALL

Second Row—P. Pennington, R. Malkin, L. Zeleny.
First Row—J. Partington, G. Corchis, R. Maksimovich, M. Lyzen.

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THANKS

The "Kencoll" is printed for another year!

To the staff members who toiled relentlessly to secure the finished magazine must go the chief measure of thanks, to editors, managers, sub-editors, and sales staff.

The loyal co-operation of others must not be overlooked. Thanks, a great many of them, to those who judged the material: Miss Bondy, Miss Patterson, Mr. Bell; to Miss McEwen and her commercial department for many pages of typing; to Mr. Gilbert for his arrangements in having a multitude of pictures taken; and to the professional photographer and printer.

The staff trusts that you will enjoy this issue of the "Kencoll".

STAFF ADVISER

SCHOLARSHIPS 1951-52

How proud Kennedy is of her students, and the many honours they have brought to the school. Perhaps the highest awards are the fine scholarships that our graduates have won. In recording these awards in the Kencoll, we offer our sincere congratulations to these students, and hope that it is only the beginning of many more such accomplishments. How proud Kennedy is to say that she has moulded many winners!

I. O. D. E. Scholarships and Bursaries

Lady Beck Chapter—awarded to Walter Yaworsky—value \$150; Egerton Ryerson Chapter—awarded to Miss Rosemary Collins—value \$150.

Queen's University Scholarships

J. P. Bichell Foundation in Faculty of Applied Science General Proficiency—awarded to William Gee—\$1200 value for 1st year; The Charlotte Nicholls Scholarship in French—awarded to Walter Yaworsky—value \$310.

University of Toronto Scholarships

The Arthur Cohen Scholarship in English, French and one other language—awarded to Miss Marjorie Wilson—value \$150; The Jas. Stanley McLean Scholarship in English and History and two other languages—awarded to Miss Marjorie Wilson—value \$1,014.

University of Western Ontario Scholarships

Kennedy Collegiate Scholarship — awarded to Miss Cathy Werte—value \$250.

Lillie Lloyd Memorial Scholarship — awarded to Miss Joyce Safrance—value \$50.

Kennedy Collegiate Forum Prize — awarded to Miss Shirley Youell—value \$60.

Ukrainian Scholarship—awarded to Walter Yaworsky—value \$70.

Dominion-Provincial Student-Aid Bursary—Grade 13—awarded to Ronald Dean—value \$100.

People's Credit Jewellers General Proficiency Medals —awarded to the girl and boy who made the highest school record in Grade 13 throughout the year—awarded to Marjorie Wilson and Walter Yaworsky.

VICKY BOROTA

SACRIFICE

Jane pressed her warm little nose against the window of the toy shop, and with each breath the window became foggy, foggy as her hope for one of those new, brightly clothed dolls. She was a ragged little girl of about seven; her wrists showed about three inches from her tattered and worn coat. Her skirt was short, and one of her long stockings wrinkled about her leg. Her long, straight, straw-blond hair was neatly braided. At the end of each was proudly tied a somewhat faded red ribbon. Her face was thin and her dry and chapped lips had a tint of purple. Her most outstanding feature was her warm, delicate blue eyes which were the shade of forget-me-nots. In one hand she clutched a ragged and dirty doll, name Lucky, which rivalled only Jane in shabbiness. Despite her worn and threadbare clothing, Jane felt warm, even on this crisp December night. Her warmth was from the knowledge of her parents' love, and the faithful hope that someday she would receive one of those new dolls.

Mr. Roberts, a rich and influential businessman, strode down the sidewalk in his warm and immaculate clothes. His forlorn and unhappy countenance did not match his elegant attire. He was suddenly lifted from his depressing thoughts by the sight of Jane.

"I see you are admiring one of those dolls," he said, in a voice that tried to sound cheerful.

"Y-Yes, I am," stammered Jane. She was fairly shy, and this sudden intrusion shattered her dream world.

"I don't know very much about dolls," he said in an effort to make his purpose clear, "but if you will help me to choose one for my little girl, I'll buy one for you too."

"Why didn't you bring your little girl along; then she could pick it out herself?" volunteered Jane.

Mr. Roberts' forced smile disappeared into a disheartened frown. Jane was a very observant and sympathetic child, and she noticed something was wrong. "Gee, mister, did I say something wrong?" inquired Jane in a tone of genuine concern. Her blue eyes looked searchingly into the steel grey business eyes of Mr. Roberts. Slowly the steel grey, when it saw the warm blue, melted into the soft hue of silver pussywillows by a brook, on a bright spring day. For the first time in weeks Mr. Roberts felt the tension released.

"No," he said softly, "you didn't say anything wrong. It's just that—well, my little girl is very ill."

"Oh," in a very low voice was the only reply Jane could think of. Then she added cheerfully and with a hope to lift the spirits of Mr. Roberts, "I'm sure she will be better for Christmas. Santa will bring her lots of toys to play with."

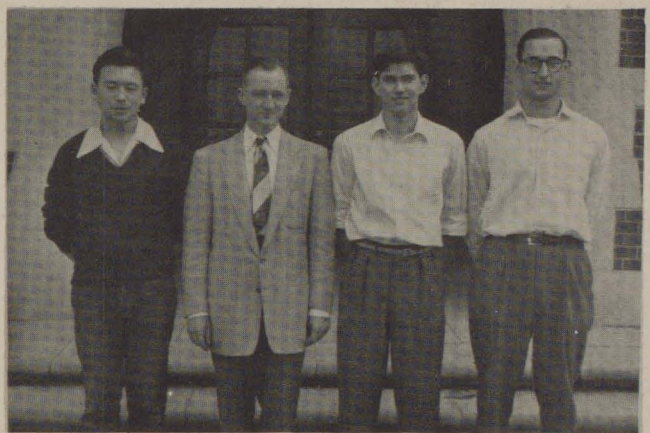
"Santa will bring her many toys, but she won't be able to play with them." As he was speaking, he looked straight ahead but saw nothing of the present. He was looking into the past—a past of unhappiness. His little daughter was the only thing, since his wife's death, that brought him love and joy, and this was but a segment in the sphere of unhappiness. "You see, my little girl can't walk," he replied in answer to the unasked question, "and I thought a new doll would make her happy this Christmas. Under his breath he finished his statement—"for it's her last Christmas."

Jane looked for a very long time into the grim and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

**TENNIS**

J. Jensen, J. Hamilton, H. Ward, M. Muroff, W. Cohen.

**CHESS EXECUTIVE**

E. Long, Mr. G. Bell, J. Cimer, W. Cohen.

**ALTIORA PETO**

Third Row—R. MacGregor, J. McCrea, N. Douglas, Mr. Ryan, B. Kashmar, L. Bondy, D. Hutchinson.

Second Row—N. Adams, J. Rider, M. Sochaski, V. Lysey, S. Girard.

First Row—J. Albrant, I. Lyzen, M. Zimmerman, J. Rodie, C. Bourdeau, M. Coufts.

**GIRLS' GLEE CLUB**

Back Row—M. Allan, M. Donnelly, P. Burke, B. Honor, L. Truscott.

Second Row—G. Platten, A. Duvler, E. Turner, C. Dungy, M. Sochaski, B. Beim, J. Graf, S. Ross, V. Mackie, G. Yaworsky.

First Row—L. Pidgeon, N. Graham, J. Moore, E. Fabu, Miss McNeill, V. Graf, S. Collins, G. Yaworsky, C. Wilson, L. Sediva.

**RED CROSS**

Fourth Row—J. Ruttle, M. Pritchard, M. Lyzen, O. Maksimowich, L. Zeleney, P. Pennington, J. Szorik.

Third Row—E. Rilett, M. Switzer, M. Weber, M. Rapawy, J. Sudermann, G. Enns, F. Martin.

Second Row—D. Eng, D. Allen, A. Merriman, A. Deneiko, A. Benca, D. Zapla, K. Young, P. Safrance.

First Row—B. Shuttleworth, J. McNaughton, B. Hemerle, J. Saunders, E. Musy, J. Morianti, D. Doan, H. Slack, M. Waronchak, J. Mitchell.

**SPIRIT CLUB**

Fourth Row—S. Cohen, A. Deneiko, E. Rilett, D. Allen, D. Eng, M. Osborne, P. Pennington, M. Pritchard, J. Ruttle, L. Hyslop.

Third Row—P. MacKenzie, L. Krukowski, M. Allan, G. Tobin, M. French, E. Cole, M. Larmour, E. Faul, J. Thornton, M. Walker, E. Svirplys.

Second Row—V. Lysey, A. Duxter, H. Quick, S. Rising, R. Black, M. Spencer, J. Long, K. Dawson, S. Cockburn, S. Heard, M. Samarin, E. Poulson.

First Row—B. Bishop, I. Lyzen, A. Forsander, J. Morianti, J. Sanders, S. Bennett, S. Sedlar, P. Blair, E. Russell, D. Spendlove, M. Miller, M. Muroff, A. Beckett.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

troubled face of Mr. Roberts. Neither said a word, but something passed from this ragged little girl to the influential businessman. Mr. Roberts borrowed some of the hope and faith that little Jane thrived on. Jane slowly turned her gaze from Mr. Roberts to Lucky. She looked thoughtfully into the scratched and blotched face of Lucky, held tightly in her arms. Slowly she held up the doll, and presented it to Mr. Roberts. "Please, mister, take Lucky to your little girl. Lucky will make her better. She always makes me happy when I play with her."

Mr. Roberts' face broke into a smile of hope and he humbly accepted this great sacrifice of Jane's with a simple, "Thank you;" but that 'thank you' was more powerful, and had more meaning than all the words in a language. It came from the heart. "Wh-which doll would you like in replacement of Lucky?" asked Mr. Roberts when he had recovered from this deep-affecting act.

"No doll can replace my Lucky," stated Jane, for now she knew that Lucky was more beautiful than all the dolls in the window. She would bring love, warmth, and happiness.

Mr. Roberts accepted Jane's sincere reply. "Thank you," were the parting words of Mr. Roberts, "Thank you for more than your doll."

Mr. Roberts, in his elegant attire, made a peculiar picture as he walked home with the little bundle of rags held reverently in his hand. He felt certain his little daughter would get more enjoyment from this gift than from any other.

Jane had no new doll, nor old Lucky, but she had something else. She had a wonderful feeling that comes only to those who give to make someone happy; for the giver is made even happier. Little Jane was no longer little. She was more grown up than most adults.

Two people moved from this stage of human drama, one with everything, but nothing, the other with nothing, but really everything.

DOLORES CZAPLA—11A

NEAR DISASTER

Jim Peterson and Hank Johnson were just like any other two teen-age boys in the summer, always looking for something new and exciting to do. Jim and Hank were very close friends and had spent the previous winter working in a Windsor grocery store to finance the buying of a powerful twenty-five horse outboard motor and a roomy fourteen foot runabout. The boys had put practically all their savings into this venture, but here it was the middle of August and they were beginning to get bored. They had raced, fished and water-skied for a month and a half and yet they were trying hard to think of something different to do.

One day as they were leaving the Peterson cottage where they were staying with Jim's parents, they heard the tail end of a weather report: "... and high winds are expected to hit the Lake Erie-Detroit River region about four o'clock this afternoon."

Jim stopped short. That weather report gave him an idea.

"Say, Hank, it might be fun to see just how much that boat of ours will take."

"What do you mean?" Hank questioned.

"Well when those high winds hit us, there's bound to be some big waves roll in," Jim explained, "and I thought we could take out the boat and try riding them."

"Sounds like fun to me, Jim," Hank replied enthusiastically, "but we might have trouble launching the boat in rough weather so why not go now and take our fishing rods with us? Then we could be already out there when the waves start to build up."

"Good idea, Hank! Let's see, its three o'clock now, so if we hurry, we can get half an hour or so in at fishing before the fun begins. You go to the shed and get the motor while I get the rods and bait."

"Okay," Hank jibed and he bounded away for the motor.

Ten minutes later the boys were dozing in their boat with their fishing rods dangling over the side.

Hank yawned.

"Everything is so peaceful here I think the weatherman was mistaken," Hank said.

"Don't be too sure," Jim cautioned, "You know how quickly storms come up on Lake Erie. Say, how close to shore should we be when it hits?"

"Oh, I think about a hundred yards from the beach will be the place where the waves will break," replied Hank.

"Then we had better get there!" Jim exclaimed. "Look across the water to that point. I can see the waves over there so it won't be long before we get them!"

And within five minutes Jim's words were verified as the boat started to rock and roll.

"Man o man!" Hank yelled, "Here we go!"

The boat rode up and down with the billows and the boys were enjoying themselves immensely. Then the waves started to break and the boat lurched over even farther with each one.

"Start the motor, Hank, and we'll go out a little farther. The waves have brought us too close to the shore," said Jim.

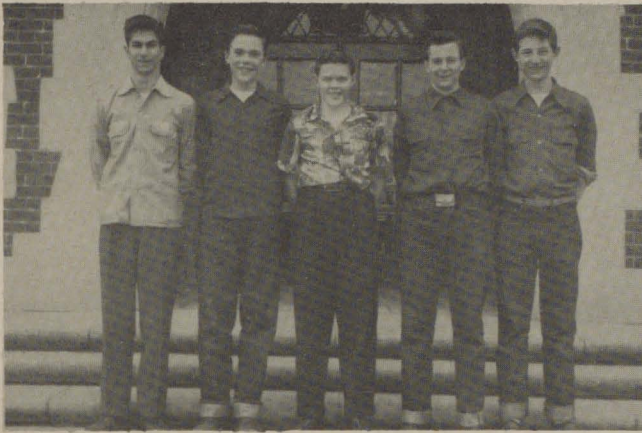
Hank started the motor and away they went; bounding into the surf. When they got out far enough, Hank cut the motor so they could ride the waves in again. Just then a strong gust came toward them pushing a huge mountain of water which threatened to break right on top of them.

"Quick, Hank!" Jim said with some alarm, "Let's get out of here!"

But before either boy could start the motor, the wave crashed down on them, throwing them both out of the boat. Fortunately the boys, even though they were expert swimmers, had been far-sighted enough to put on Mae-West life jackets before the venture, they were in no immediate danger. When they came to the surface, they attempted to reach the boat, but before they could, another wave broke and capsized the empty craft. Frantically they reached the hull and clung to it, uncertain as to what to do. But fast action would be necessary for the weight of the motor was slowly pulling the boat under. Jim thought quickly, then shouted to Hank above the roar of the waves, "Here, hold my life jacket." Then he dove down and under the boat retrieving a long piece of rope which had been caught on one of the seats after the boat went over. He came up gasping for air but triumphant. Now he would have to work fast for the boat was sinking more rapidly. He grabbed his Mae-West from Hank and tied one end of the rope to it. Then taking the loose end, he dove under the boat and fastened it to the motor. Again he surfaced panting hard.

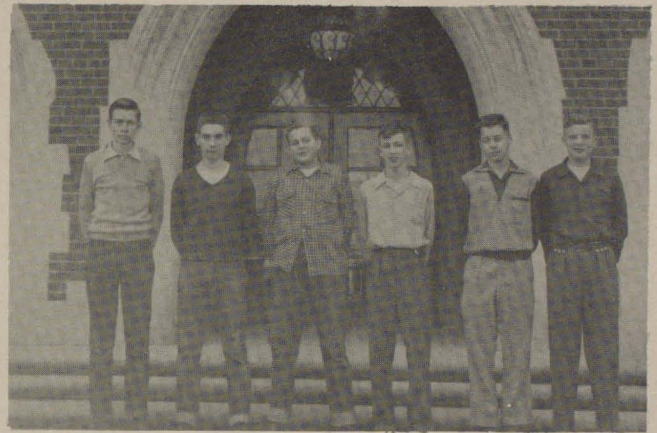
"One more dive should do it!" he thought as he gave

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INTERFORM INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL

P. Burke, W. Lewick, B. Tinsley, R. Pearson, G. Rogers.



HOUSE LEAGUE HOCKEY

Left to right—J. South, P. Hubbell, A. Srayko, B. Schlickler, D. Patterson, G. Baker.



CHEERLEADERS

Back Row—A. Duxter, Mr. A. W. Bishop, B. Massey, G. Beausoleil.
First Row—M. Miller, M. Muroff, M. Spencer, J. Ruttle, P. Pennington, M. Pritchard.



N. C. O.'s

Second Row—E. Serbanivich, J. Partington, D. Leiper, J. Buda, R. Simpson, D. Darling, L. Hyslop, F. Daichendt.
First Row—J. Daichendt, B. Farrow, J. Jensen, J. Fabu, S. Reid, J. Gimpel, P. Dunseath, D. Maven, P. Middlemore.



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Third Row—J. Oksanen, H. Walter, D. West, R. Malkin, Mr. A. Ward, D. Waddell, D. Scouffier, J. South, D. Humphries.
Second Row—G. Claus, B. Peterson, D. Patterson, S. Cieslowski, J. Gifford, B. Russell, L. Gidilevich, J. Baker, J. Cretny.
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